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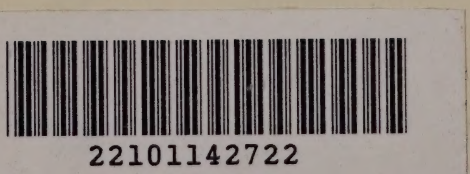
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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

ELIZABETH DAVIS,

A BALACLAVA NURSE,

DAUGHTER OF DAFYDD CADWALADYR.

(of Bala)

EDITED BY

JANE WILLIAMS

(YSGAFELL),

AUTHOR OF "A MEMOIR OF THE REV. T. PRICE," &c.

"A brave woman! a woman who knows how to act in difficulties, how to endure in suffering, how to be faithful to a trust, and can speak the truth without fear and without disguise."—MRS. JAMESON'S "SISTERS OF CHARITY ABROAD AND AT HOME."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

ELIZABETH DAVIS.

CHAPTER I.

"Auspicious Hope! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe.
* * * * *
Angel of Life! thy glittering wings explore
Earth's loneliest bounds and ocean's wildest shore."

CAMPBELL.

THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Visits to African Missionary Stations—Australia—India.

FROM Rio de Janeiro we sailed for the Cape of Good Hope, with almonds, rice, wine, and a general cargo.

We went on shore at the Cape, and while the ship lay there, I obtained leave from Mrs. Foreman to go to the Paarl beyond Elizabeth Town, to visit an old friend of my father's, a missionary there.

I set out by the public conveyance for travellers—a cart drawn by eight bullocks. I had ten or twelve companions, and another cart followed with our luggage. We left Cape Town at three o'clock in the afternoon, and the pace was so slow, that we had not got very far on our way among the dreary hills when the sun set, and we heard dismal howlings, and saw droves of wolves coming down towards us.

The drivers at this sight instantly unhooked the bullocks, and leaving the carts upon the spot, drivers, bullocks, passengers (I among them), took to our heels, and made the best of our way back again to Cape Town.

Hearing that a party of Dutch missiona-

ries were going off very early the next morning to the same settlement, I arranged to accompany them. We travelled only from sunrise to sunset, and thus escaped the ravenous wolves. We reached Elizabeth Town that evening. We continued our journey the next day, skirting the sea-coast, and turning off across a plain where there were many farm-houses. From thence we travelled to a Moravian missionary station, where we rested for the night.

The next day we reached the Paarl, and there I was received at the house of my father's old friend, Mr. Evans, who had joined the Dutch Mission. I had known him long before, when he was a bookseller at Bala, and he used to be my teacher in the Sunday school. I spent ten days with him and his wife, and their thirteen children, going about to visit the Dutch and English settlers, and seeing the schools of the country.

On leaving the Paarl, Mr. Evans walked part of the way with me, lending me his horse to ride, and sending his black servant with me as far as the Moravian station, to take the horse home again. I stayed that night with the Moravians, and was much pleased with what I saw of their way of life. I had much religious conversation with them, but we disagreed about the manner in which Sunday ought to be spent. Their time was chiefly occupied with teaching, and they did not read much. I attended evening service in their chapel, where a scattered population from the hills, of about three hundred converted natives, were assembled.

The Africans have fine voices, and the singing was delightful.

One of the brethren, a widower named Robinson, an Englishman, from Northampton, asked me to stay among them, and to become his wife. I gave him the same answer as I always did, sooner or later, to my lovers,

saying, "No," at once, for I could never have borne to spend my days in that dull place.

The next day, two of the sisters were going on business to Elizabeth Town, and they took me with them in their little four-wheel carriage, which was drawn by two zebras. These animals, together with a young creature, which they called a unicorn, had been sent from a relation as a present to one of the sisters. I saw the unicorn,[1] he was tethered in a field near the buildings, and the Moravians petted him. He had one horn, small and straight in the middle of his forehead. Behind his head there was a sort of natural collar and strap which passed under one shoulder, and to this the iron chain was fastened. His legs were thin, some-

[1] This animal was probably a rhinoceros.

The heraldic unicorn, if not a conventional configuration of a real animal, must have a similar origin as the centaur. A horse with a spear held over his head, seen from the front, and the rider being thus concealed, affords a lively image of the unicorn. A vignette in Rogers' Poems, vol. 1, p. 156 Ed 1852, unintentionally illustrates this subject.

thing like those of a horse. I never saw another animal anywhere that was like him altogether.

The sisters took me to a Moravian house at Elizabeth Town, and I was for some little time, at a loss how to get on to Cape Town.

At last, a Scotch brother suggested that I might go by water, in a little trading boat which would sail in a few hours. I went on board at the time appointed, and had a safe, though slow, passage. The crew were Englishmen, and would not accept of any pay from me.

At the Cape, we loaded the *Denmark Hill* with a general cargo, and sailed from thence to Hobart Town, where we landed pasengers, and on to Sydney, where we unloaded the ship, which was afterwards taken to the cove for repair, while Captain and Mrs. Foreman and the rest of our company lived on shore.

One morning, as I was going to market, Barbosa met me on the rocks. He asked me to go with him a little way to a point from which

the view was very fine. I said, "It looks beautiful." We fell into discourse, and he soon got back to the old subject. He knew that I liked Sydney, and he offered, if I would marry him, to make his home there, and to send Burke about with the ship. He said he was convinced that I had no confidence in him, and to prove how sincere he was, he proposed to free me from my contract with Captain Foreman, to pay my passage home to England, by any ship I chose, to take his own passage by another, and on arriving, to marry me in the presence of my friends, and to live with me there or anywhere else that I might prefer—as one part of the world was just the same to him as another.

I asked him to give me time to consider this proposal. He pressed me to let him have it there, at the same hour the next day. I said that would be impossible, as I was going to Paramatta with Captain and Mrs. Foreman; and I turned away, and left him without

naming any time for giving him an answer.

I went that same day to Paramatta with Captain and Mrs. Foreman; and, about five o'clock in the afternoon, I saw Mr. Barbosa and two or three other gentlemen riding on horseback past the window of the house in which I was staying. I instantly ran off to the farm, to be out of his way; so, when he called upon Mrs. Foreman, I was not to be found, and he had to return to Sydney without seeing me.

I went with Captain and Mrs. Foreman from Paramatta to Liverpool, and from thence with Mrs. Foreman to Bathurst, where I saw Mr. Mills and his family again. We next visited Mr. Bates, at Rock House, beyond the Blue Mountains, and stopped there some weeks. On our return, Mr. Bates lent us horses to carry us to Bathurst. We spent three days there, and three more at Liverpool, with Mr. Cartwright. He sent us back in his carriage to Sydney.

I went on board the *Denmark Hill* to take in stores, and Mr. Barbosa was there. The first day, he kept quite aloof from me.

On the evening of the second day, he came to me, and inquired whether I had made up my mind.

Instead of giving him a serious answer, I made a jest of the business, and said—

"What? to go with the ship to India?"

He very gravely and earnestly replied—

"To accept of my proposal—to go to England?"

"Oh!" I went on, "I can't bear to part with you long enough for that. I am going to India with you. I have no time for thinking of anything else."

One day on board, he showed me, privately, the white satin dress which he had prepared for my wedding at Rio. He always carried it about with him in a flat box; and, in the same box, I caught sight of the set of diamonds which I had returned by the mate to the gentlemen.

Mr. Barbosa always looked, and walked, and did everything like a perfect gentleman. He was in the prime of life, and very handsome. I never saw or heard of the least levity in his conduct or conversation. He showed, on all occasions, a deep, sincere, and durable attachment to me. He would often stand by me, or walk the deck beside me, in a quiet, friendly way, which showed real affection; yet I could scarcely believe he was in earnest in proposing to make me his lawful wife, and I did suspect that he was still at heart a Roman Catholic. These doubts, joined to my usual dislike to the thought of marrying, and my want of any particular love for him, were, as far as I can understand, the reasons why I could not make up my mind to accept his offer, although I have since had good cause to wish that I had done so.

One day I chanced to overhear a conversation between Mr. Martin and Dr. Ersby, about myself. The Doctor said that I had

lively spirits, and doubtless was not so prudent as I was thought to be. Mr. Martin took the opposite side, and said, "You had better take care. I never saw man or beast look so fierce when she is angry." Dr. Ersby did not take the warning, and had afterwards the daring to ask me to give him a kiss. I had a bason of suds in my hand at the time, and in my sudden rage at this affront, I emptied it over him, and spoiled his new jacket—to the great amusement of the other gentlemen who were standing by, and especially of Mr. Barbosa.

Mr. Martin said, "There, I told you so!"

He must have remembered how I looked, when they ran away with me.

We had a safe voyage to Calcutta, and there we unloaded some of the mercantile goods.

I paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson, and Mr. Henry Fleming, and made my home at their house while the ship remained at Calcutta.

In Bengal, an Indian prince offered Captain Foreman one thousand five hundred rupees for his passage with two servants to the Mauritius. Captain Foreman agreed, and they came on board. Not long afterwards, at sea, the Indian gentleman asked me whether I would nurse him if he should be ill on board. I told him that I would. He spoke English very well.

One afternoon, I was going to fish, as I used to do very often for amusement, and had already got my rod and line, when the Indian beckoned me to follow him to his cabin. He bade me be secret, and not mention to any one that he was ill. I noticed that his finger nails, and the tips of his fingers had turned black. He reached a bottle, and gave me out of it half a glass of some sweet stuff like treacle. He then lay down in bed, and ordered me to cover him up with quantities of beautiful furs which belonged to him. It was then three o'clock, and he told me not to

come to him again until nine the next morning. He desired me to carry the bottle away with me, and to swallow another dose of the contents before, and only just before, coming into his cabin the next day.

I obeyed his directions exactly; but when I knocked at his cabin-door the next morning, and heard no answer, I feared he might be dead; so I opened the door, and went in. He then spoke in a low voice, and desired me to take a dozen of the leopard skins and furs, and throw them overboard, and told me to come to him again in an hour. The cabin smelt very unhealthy, and the furs were soaked with perspiration. At the end of the hour I went, and he bade me take away another dozen, and throw them overboard; and after another short space of time to come to him again. I did so, taking a dose from his bottle every time that I went in. He then ordered me to take the rest of his furs, and throw them overboard. I grudged to do it,

for they were very beautiful; but I felt there would be great danger in keeping them on board. Soon afterwards, the Indian came on deck, and took some negus and biscuit. He was very weak, and continued to be so for some time, but had not any return of his complaint. I purified the cabin with burnt vinegar and chloride of lime, and no one on board caught the disease.

On recovering, the Indian told me that the black cholera had attacked his people, and that no captain of a ship, knowing the fact, would run the risk of taking him on board. This caused him to offer so high a price for his passage to Captain Foreman, who accepted it without suspicion.

From Calcutta we went to Madras, and there unloaded the remainder of our cargo. At Madras, a government contract was made for the *Denmark Hill* to carry stores and ammunition to the Mauritius.

Arriving there, we set on shore the Indian

prince who had had the black cholera on board. We speedily unloaded the ship, and sailed—for the first time without a cargo—for Canton.

We took in a cargo of tea at Canton, and sailed with it to Sydney. There we unloaded, and loaded again, for Madras, with canvass, wheat, potatoes, and other things. At Madras we unloaded the ship, and loaded it with bales of nankeen and cotton, sugar, tea, spices, and preserved fruits for Rio de Janeiro.

CHAPTER II.

"————————To realms beyond
Yon highway of the world, my fancy flies,
When by her tall and triple mast we know
Some noble voyager, that has to woo
The trade-winds, and to stem th' ecliptic surge:
The coral groves, the shores of conch and pearl
Where she will cast her anchor, and reflect
Her cabin-window lights on warmer waves,
And under planets brighter than our own:
The nights of palmy isles that she will see
Lit boundless by the fire-fly, all the smells
Of tropic fruits that will regale her, all
The pomp of nature, and th' inspiriting
Varieties of life she has to greet,
Come swarming o'er the meditative mind."

CAMPBELL'S "VIEW FROM ST. LEONARD'S."

THE MEDITERRANEAN, EASTERN AND SOUTHERN SEAS.

Malta—Greece—Egypt—The East Indies—The Brazils—Admiral Sotheron's marine reception of the Emperor Don Pedro and his Court—Australia—Calcutta—China—Farewell to Barbosa.

AT Rio de Janeiro Barbosa again pressed me

for a final answer. I gave him one, and he then left the *Denmark Hill*, and took up another ship; and Mr. Reid, a merchant at Rio, chartered the *Denmark Hill* for the Mediterranean.

We sailed from Rio, passed the straits of Gibraltar and went to Malta.

We had on arriving there some Thames water on board, which we brought many years before from England. People often speak ill of Thames water: I think there is none like it for goodness; I could drink it if it was thirty years old. After having been first put in casks it smells bad very soon. We had to run it off into fresh butts about the third day; and when it smelt badly again, we ran it off again, leaving each time a quantity of sediment behind. After settling the third time, it needed no filtering, but kept perfectly pure, cold and bright for ever. There is no other water in the world will do this, that I know of.

I went to see all that was to be seen at

Malta, and admired the buildings very much, particularly the church of St. John, whither I went every day. The women who attended there, used to wear hoods which hid their faces. The bazaars at Malta were very pretty. I used to scull myself ashore in the little boat, and to go about looking at everything.

We sailed to Greece, and I went on shore and saw the Piræus and other places. We proceeded to Constantinople, and there Mr. Reid made contracts to sell the remainder of his cargo, and took in Turkish goods, carpets, silks, satins, and other woven fabrics for Alexandria. We sailed thither, and afterwards went to Cairo. I saw the Pyramids and Obelisks, and wanted very much to learn the history of the old places, and the meaning of the things; but I had no tongue to ask of those who could have taught me. In Egypt we unloaded the ship, and loaded her with cotton, cork and bark. That bark would dye four different colours by the nse of different processes.

We left the Mediterranean for Bombay, and from thence we sailed to ———,[1] in Bengal.

The *Denmark Hill* was there, hired by seven Indian families to convey them and their goods up the river, as far it was possible for the ship to go. A raft followed close behind, bringing the numerous camels which belonged to the Indian families.

We had to warp the ship nearly all the way. We saw nothing but the two banks of the river and the country here and there between the woods. We met no ships or boats. We had only Indian passengers on board, with whom I could not exchange a word, and they could not join in our usual lively games, of the whistle and blindman's buff, nor enjoy our exercises of strength and lithesomeness. It was altogether the dullest time I ever spent on ship-board, and I often wished myself at home, or anywhere else.

My only amusement was reading Shak-

[1] The name of this place the narrator cannot recall.

speare's Plays in the cabin, by myself, and trying to look as I fancied the heroes and heroines must have done.

The first crocodile I ever saw was in that river. One night we anchored at a place where large trees hung over the pebbly shore. The crocodile came out of the water to air himself, and a bear came for a walk out of the wood.

They met and there was a fight, the bear attacking the crocodile, who after a hard struggle, got back again into the water, and peeped up now and then to look at the bear, who howled with rage.

We went fifty miles up the river with the Indian families, and found the depth of water was not sufficient for the ship to go any further. We therefore unloaded on the grass, and left all our Indian passengers with their goods and camels to get up the country as best they might, while we returned very gladly to ———.[1]

[1] The same place in Bengal of which the narrator cannot recall the name.

From thence we loaded the *Denmark Hill* for Rio de Janeiro, taking also many passengers. We arrived in safety, without meeting with anything remarkable.

While the ship lay there, I used often when I went to market to see the Emperor and Empress going out, or coming back from their morning ride. They had no attendants, not even a groom. They looked like two gentlemen on horseback, for the Empress was dressed in dark green clothes as he was, and wore breeches and Hessian boots, and rode astride. The only difference was in their hats: his was plain, and hers was turned up in front and had a feather.

I used often to go to Braganza alone in the ship's gig, with a little sail, which I set when the wind was blowing the right way, and otherwise sculled myself along. Sometimes I went there to fish, and occasionally to gather oranges, lemons, pomegranates, grapes, and other fruit. I ate so many of these, that

people used to say the fruit was the means of saving me from the fevers and other diseases of the country. I used to bring back with me my boat full of fruit for the ship's crew and passengers.

One evening, in returning from Braganza with a boat-load of oranges, the wind blew so strong against me, that I could neither reach the ship nor the shore.

In this distress, I was nearly run down by the royal barge, which was going to Braganza with the emperor and empress and their court on board. Mr. Smith, a page, or officer of the household, called to me in English from the royal barge, and asked why I got in the way. I told him my condition. The course of the royal barge was checked and changed to avoid me; and I was left to my fate.

It was two o'clock in the morning before I was able to make my way back to the *Denmark Hill*. A few hours afterwards, Mr. Smith was sent on board from the empress to inquire if I was safe.

At this time, the British Admiral, Sotheron,[1] gave a grand entertainment on board his flag-ship.

The captains of the merchant ships were requested to place their ships alongside of each other, so as to form the supports of a bridge of planks with railing on each side of it. A floating pier, covered with green cloth, was hitched on to the wharf on the land side, and to our ship on the side towards the sea—for the *Denmark Hill* was the outermost of the merchant ships, on account of her being the best finished, and having a handsome set of mahogany steps, with a brass balustrade. The men-of-war were too high in their sides, and drew too much water to be put there.

There were perhaps twenty-four or twenty-five merchant ships forming the floating piers for the bridge, which was covered all over

[1] This distinguished officer died in 1839. He was entrusted by Nelson with the defence of the Bay of Naples.

with cloth and ornamented with flags. Two Brazilian corvettes were placed between the merchant-ships and the admiral's flag-ship, and all the men-of-war upon the station, English, Spanish, French, American, and the rest, were formed into a crescent at the stern of the flag-ship. Every ship, of every sort, was dressed out with flags and lamps.

The emperor and empress, and a little prince and princess, their eldest children, crossed the bridge to the admiral's ship, with their court, just as I was returning from the shore on board the *Denmark Hill.*

The little princess was so delighted with the bridge, that she continued to run backwards and forwards across it, and could not be persuaded to go back to the royal party, although some of the attendants followed her, and tried their best to make her do so. Meeting me as she ran, the little princess seized me by the hand, and insisted on my running up and down with her, and lifting her, and

swinging her up to see what lay on each side beyond the balustrade. She talked Portuguese to me all the time, and I talked Welsh to her. When a gentleman came to fetch her to dinner, she made me carry her on board the flag-ship, and would suffer no one else to seat her in her chair at the table. The little prince was younger and quieter than his sister. She was a very pretty child, of about six years old.

Looking on for a few minutes at the royal ball, I saw the little princess dancing with the old English admiral. At nine o'clock the royal children were to be taken home, and Mr. Smith was sent on board the *Denmark Hill*, to tell me to come and fetch the little princess, as she refused to let any one else carry her. I went to her, and she immediately allowed me to take her up in my arms, and carry her home across the bridge, and through the royal square, to the palace; officers standing with drawn swords, and sen-

tries presenting arms, as we passed by. When I set her down, the little princess patted my cheeks with both hands, and said some words in Portuguese, which I supposed to mean—"Come again to-morrow."

On my way back, I was very much struck by the beautiful appearance of the ships. It was a very fine sight to see all the flags, and the lamps lit up across the ships at night.

The emperor and empress, and their court, went on shore at twelve o'clock, and the admiral went with them. When they were gone, the officers of all the ships, and their wives and friends assembled on board the flag-ship, and kept up the ball all night. I was with them, and danced, among others, with Captain White, of the flag-ship, who was my old acquaintance, and wanted to marry me. Mrs. Smith and her two daughters were with us. They, as well as Mr. Smith, were English.

The little princess was afterwards queen of Portugal, and mother of the present king.[1]

Our next business was to take in a cargo of wine for Hobart Town and Sydney. We had a safe voyage, and when I got to Sydney, my way to the market led past the house where Barbosa lived. I used often to meet him, and sometimes he would come on board the *Denmark Hill*, and stand about or walk up and down.

We left Sydney with Colonel Cotton and his wife, Major Marley, Captain Lane, and many other passengers and soldiers on board, besides mercantile goods, and arrived at Calcutta.

[1] Don Pedro I, Emperor of Brazil, eldest son of Don John VI, King of Portugal, was born in 1798. He married in 1817, Leopoldine, Archduchess of Austria. She died in 1826, having had five children, of whom Donna Maria was one. In 1829 Don Pedro married secondly, Amelia Beauharnais, Princess of Leuchtenberg. He died in 1834, His son, Don Pedro II, became by his father's abdication in 1831, Emperor of Brazil; and his daughter, Donna Maria, was, by her father's victory over Don Miguel, established as sovereign Queen of Portugal.

While we lay there, some officers on board the *Southampton* got up some scenes of plays, and had a grand theatre there, and one night a large assemblage of ladies and gentlemen came to see the acting.

Somebody being wanted to take the ladies' parts, I performed Lady Macbeth in the sleeping scene, and Mrs. Foreman performed the waiting maid. I also performed the Indian queen, and sat dressed out in green velvet and gold, upon a throne with a fine footstool, and slaves waiting round me.

I liked playing Lady Macbeth the best, but was very much applauded and praised for my acting in both parts. Everybody said that I played very well; Mr. Thomson, the merchant, said it was a pity I did not become a professional actress; and that my eyes looked so vicious in Lady Macbeth, he should be afraid to meet me in the dark.

I did not perform comedy. I always chose the tragic parts, when I read Captain Foreman's Shakspeare alone in the cabin.

From Calcutta we went to Canton, where we took in a cargo of tea, silks, and crapes; and then to Singapore, where, as usual, we had to unload every scrap of the cargo at the custom house.

We had very bad weather for the voyage, and passing close to Shangai and Amoy, were driven near to an island of very dangerous savages, who came off in canoes to the ship. We would not take them on board, but they held on to the ropes' ends which hung from the ship, and the captain could not shake them off. He came down to the cabin in a great passion, saying:

"I do not know what to do with the rascals. I cannot get rid of them in any way. They will follow the ship."

I said, "Why don't you shoot them?"

He answered, "Heu! heu! Shoot them yourself, old faggot!"

I took the rifle, went on deck and fired over their heads. Every rope was let go, and

every canoe was off in an instant. The gun was loaded only with powder.

This gun used always to be fired on board at eight o'clock in the evening. when the watch was set; and at twelve at night. It kicked, and used to knock everybody down that fired it, except myself—so I was generally called to fire it. I managed to rest it against the side of the ship, and to avoid the rebound it gave.

The weather continued very stormy, but we reached Hobart Town at last, and took in water there, although we had plenty below, to avoid opening the hatches in so high a sea. We had then been for several weeks on an allowance of half a pint of water apiece in the twenty four hours, from not being able to get at the casks. We used to heat the salt water and collect the steam, and of this we made the best tea I ever tasted.

We lost more sails in this boisterous voyage than in any former one.

At last we got safe to Sydney. Mr. Barbosa was there, looking shy and stiff. One day, when I was on shore, he followed me, and asked if I would not speak to him, and what sort of a voyage I had had, and where I was going next time.

The day before the *Denmark Hill* left Sydney again, I went on shore to do my last marketing, and was detained rather late in bidding some of my friends good bye, not expecting to see them soon again, as the ship was homeward bound.

As I passed Mr. Barbosa's house, Mr. Burke called after me. Mr. Barbosa and some of his friends were sitting in the balcony above, taking coffee, and smoking cigars.

Mr. Burke showed me up stairs to the party. The old woman, who was Mr. Barbosa's housekeeper, waited there. Mr. Burke began to talk to me about taking up the *Denmark Hill* again.

Barbosa had only looked at me without

speaking, until I said, in answer to Mr. Burke's remark, that we were to sail the next morning for England. Barbosa turned pale, fetched a chair for me, and grasped my hand as he set it down. He then fetched wine, and poured out a glass for me, and begged that I would stay and take tea with them. I did so, and afterwards took leave of the party. I shook hands with Mr. Burke, and then with Mr. Barbosa, who said that he would walk to the boat with me.

I was forced to hire a boat, having sent back the one which belonged to the ship.

Barbosa walked by my side, looking deadly white. I said something or other to him, and found that he could hardly speak, he was so distressed.

At last he asked whether I should ever return to Sydney.

I answered that I did not know.

He then said, "The carpenter goes with you, does he?"

I told him yes—adding that the carpenter was nothing to me.

Before we turned to the wharf, he stepped on, stood before me with his face towards me, stopping me in my way, and said,

"If I thought I had any chance, I would sail with you to-morrow."

I gave him no encouragement, but passed on, and called to the black man to bring the boat. He did so, and I said to Mr. Barbosa,

"Well, good bye, sir."

He said with tears, grasping my hand, "God bless you, Betsy! This is the last happy day I shall ever have in my life."

He stood watching as long as I was in sight. I had a great mind to turn back. When I saw his tears, and heard his pitiful voice, I felt sure that he was sincere, but having once said no, I did not like to alter.

CHAPTER III.

"Now to thee, to thee I fly,
Fairest isle beneath the sky,
To my heart as in mine eye!
* * *
While I bid them all be blest,
Britain is my home, my rest,
Mine own land! I love thee best."

JAMES MONTGOMERY'S
"VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD."

HOMEWARD BOUND, AND IN THE LONDON DOCKS.

Loss of the Ship's Port-Clearance Certificate—St. Helena—London—Death of Dafydd Cadwaladyr—Old Friends—Pecuniary Losses—Separation from the Foremans.

WE sailed from Sydney to Hobart Town, having unwarily taken on board several per-

sons, who were the cause of a great deal of trouble and vexation to me, and to all the other people in the ship. Among those troublesome persons were Captain C———, and a person who called herself Mrs. Fowler, and her three little children.

When we reached Hobart Town, Captain Foreman's mate and the ship's cook, both of whom he had hired at Sydney, went on shore, got tipsy, fought with their drinking companions, were put in prison, and detained there for some days.

The captain made inquiries about them, and found that the magistrates had recognized them both to have been convicts.

He then went to the governor and to the colonial secretary, and proving to their satisfaction that he had been imposed upon by the false accounts which the mate and cook had given of themselves, Captain Foreman obtained the sanction of these authorities for breaking

the agreement with the mate and cook, and for leaving them behind him in Hobart Town.

The captain, however, did not do the business well, for he omitted to inform Mr. Smith, the deputy colonial secretary, of this arrangement.

The consequence was, that when the *Denmark Hill* got under way, Mr. Smith came after her in a boat, bringing with him the mate and cook, and hailing the ship for them to be taken on board.

There was no time to explain the matter. but the captain refused to receive them; and Mr. Smith in anger demanded "The ship's clearance."

This demand Captain Foreman knew that he had no right to resist, so he threw the port clearance into the boat, and Mr. Smith went away with it.

We were thus made liable to have the *Denmark Hill* seized as a pirate in any harbour she might chance to enter. Captain Foreman

ought to have returned to Hobart Town to explain what had happened, and to get the ship's clearance, but he would not do so, and no one could prevail on him to return. He was in such a terrible humour afterwards, that hardly any one dared to speak to him.

When we reached St. Helena, instead of being in his place on deck, he went to the cabin, almost mad with vexation. I was the means of persuading him to put in there, or rather of allowing the ship to be taken in; for he would do nothing, and only suffered it to be done. The new mate had no influence with him, and was afraid to speak to him.

I was on board when the port-officer came on board, and asked for the captain.

I answered—"I am the captain."

He said—"What! is the captain dead?"

I told him that he was not, but alive, and below.

The officer went with me to the captain, and asked him for the port-clearance.

Captain Foreman, in despair, told him gruffly that he had none.

"No," said I, "but you have what will do as well;" and, as I spoke, I put into his hands the government despatches, which the ship was carrying.

This set Captain Foreman at ease again, and satisfied the officer. The thought only came to me just at the moment, for I chanced to catch sight of the parcel of papers.

I went on shore at St. Helena, with Mrs. Foreman and people from the ship. We visited Napoleon's house, and saw the French General ———, who had been his friend. Sir Hudson Lowe was governor of the island when I was there; and he came on board the *Denmark Hill*, and invited Captain Foreman to dine with him. The captain was known and respected everywhere. I saw Napoleon's tomb, and the willow-tree, which some artists have delineated, in the form of his shadow.

I was told in the island that Napoleon had

been fishing the last time he was ever out of doors, and that, being taken ill at the water's side, he threw his fishing-rod down just where it touched the willow, which afterwards overhung his grave.

After doing a great deal of mischief, of different sorts, during the voyage, and making himself so notorious that none of the passengers would speak to him, Captain C——— landed at the Isle of Wight, and left the ship. He gave information there to the custom-house officers of some smuggled goods which he alleged to be on board the *Denmark Hill*; and when we reached London, the ship was on that account very strictly searched.

Once more I found myself safe in the London Docks. From thence, I went with Captain and Mrs. Foreman to their house in Broad Street, leaving on board the *Denmark Hill* many valuable things which had been given to me by passengers. Among them were several mattresses, and other articles of

furniture, hampers with wine and other things, which, having been purposely left behind by them, became my perquisites as stewardess. Barbosa alone had left on board for me four dozen of the finest wine, and other valuable property.

Soon after my return, I went to see my sister Bridget, who was living in London.

From her, I learned the sorrowful news that I had now no father.

He died on the 9th of September, 1834; more than a year before I came back.

He often used to say to me, and the words were in the last letter that he ever wrote to me, "Try to live as you would wish to die."

He had been Mr. Lloyd's tenant at Pen Rhiw for sixty-two years.

My sister Gwen was married long before his death, to a minister of the Connection, who was a widower, and had a house ready prepared for her at Bangor. My sister Sarah and her husband took care of my father in his latter days.

On the Sunday after I reached London, I went to the old Welsh chapel. Mrs. Lloyd, of Plas yn drêf, my old mistress, happened to be in London, and she attended that day at the chapel. She was old, and in bad health, and when she caught sight of me, she knew me in a moment, and fell into a fit from the surprise.

She was a clergyman's wife, but in her early days the Calvinistic Methodists had not divided themselves from the Church, and Mr. Lloyd was always a good friend to Mr. Charles, of Bala, and to my father.

She was very glad to see me again, and wanted me very much to go back into Wales with her; but I would not, for I intended at that time to go to sea again with Captain and Mrs. Foreman.

One day, in the London Docks, I noticed a well-dressed, and very respectable-looking man, who was standing and walking about, evidently trying to attract my attention.

At last he passed close beside me, and said, "I have been in Chester once."

"What's that to me? So have I," I said, abruptly.

He stood and said,

"Don't you know me, Betsy?"

I then saw that he was B——. He had grown so stout, that I did not know him at first.

We talked together, and he told me that Mr. Morris, his old master, had left him all he died possessed of; that he had sold the business for a large sum of money, and had come up long ago to London to look for me. He had set up in partnership with a friend, as merchants, in Leadenhall Street, and was successful in trade. Some rumour had reached him that I was at the Cape of Good Hope, and he had, therefore, taken a ship and loaded it, and was on the point of sailing for that place.

He tried very hard to persuade me to marry him, and go with him to Gravesend, and there

embark with him for the Cape; but I would not do it.

A gentleman, named Sherman, who came with us in the *Denmark Hill* to England, had taken a liking to me upon the voyage, and offered to marry me. He had left a sister of his to take care of his property in Van Diemen's Land, and he went from England to Germany, which was his native country, intending to settle his affairs there and to return and make his home in Van Diemen's Land. He hoped that I would marry him; and I had, at that time, some thoughts of doing so; but the thing came to nothing, for I could not make up my mind to it at last.

Soon after we got to London, Mrs. Foreman sent me to the British Museum with the two tattooed heads of the Sandwich Islanders in a basket, as a present to the Museum from her.

Hearing among my friends that Mrs.

S———, my former mistress, was in London, I paid her a vist. The captain had made only one voyage after I left them; and, on returning to the Port of London, he died in the prime of life, after only three days' illness. His widow returned with the child to St. Vincent's. The guardians sent him back to school in England.

The widow married in the West Indies a surgeon, named W——, who belonged to the —th regiment. He was extravagant and drunken, and soon brought her to poverty. She returned with him to England, and, when I saw her, was in tatters, and had only some rice and a few potatoes for dinner.

Orlando Furioso was grown a fine young man. I saw him in the docks just as he was going to embark for the West Indies, where he had a good estate. He was brought up at Eton.

Directly he saw me, he knew me, and said, "My Sissy!" He was very glad to meet

me again, and spoke with great concern to me about his mother and her idle husband.

Many years before, and at the time when I first entered Captain Foreman's service, he was the owner of a parrot, which he had got at Bombay, when it was only six weeks old. Mrs. Foreman's mother took care of it while we were abroad, and the bird became very fond of her. One day when the captain was playing with it, the parrot bit his finger, and he scolded and beat it. This the parrot never forgot, but disliked the captain ever after, and used to shrink and tremble when he came near it, calling out,

"Old Skipper! villain! Beat poor Poll!"

At one time, I used to sleep in the kitchen where the parrot was kept in its cage.

As soon as day dawned, it would call out, sometimes, "Get up, Betsy! Polly wants her breakfast."

I used to say, "No, no; don't tell stories."

Then the parrot would laugh, "Ha! ha! ha! Pretty Poll made a fool of Betsy!"

On a Sunday morning, seeing through the window Mr. Trimmer, a very large man, passing by, on his way to attend the prayer meeting at the floating chapel, the parrot would call after him, "Ha, little fellow! Where are you going? Going to Wapping, little rogue? ha! ha! ha!"

This parrot was a grey bird. What it said always fitted the time. It knew me when I came back from abroad, and said, "Ha! Betsy, good to pretty Poll." It died of grief at last, for the death of its old mistress.

While I was abroad with Captain Foreman, I used to speculate a little in merchandise myself, with a bag or two of almonds, some chocolate, crapes, and other little things, and in this way I made a good deal of money. My wages were not high, but the passengers gave me handsome presents.

All the time I was away, I never received my wages. They were paid to me in the lump on my return, I was anxious to lay out

my earnings to advantage, so as to make a provision against old age and sickness. I had talked with Mrs. Foreman about buying a little schooner, which was for sale at Hobart Town, and we agreed to have her between us, to call her the *Eliza Elizabeth*, after our own christian names, and to employ her in trading about Van Diemen's Land and Australia; but the captain and Mr. Hall—an old West Indian planter—persuaded Mrs. Foreman and me to give up this plan, telling us that house-property in London would be a much safer investment. They recommended us to lay out our money in purchasing some houses, which Captain T—— had for sale in Stepney Square, and in Cold Harbour Square, Commercial Road. Mrs. Foreman and I took their advice, and we each of us bought separately a certain number of these houses. Mr. Hall also bought more of them than we did.

He laid out 4,000; Mrs. Foreman laid out £2,000; and I laid out £1,283 10s. 4½d.

I paid the money to Captain T——, and received from him the conveyance deeds of sixty small houses for mechanics. Several of these houses being in an unfinished state, I reserved a part of my earnings for the purpose of completing them, expecting, when that was done, to let them, and to secure for myself a comfortable little income from the rents.

About three weeks after this bargain had been made. Captain and Mrs. Foreman were dining out one day, when Mr. Watson, and another respectable-looking man came to the house where I was living in Broad Street, and asked me to allow them to look at my title-deeds to the houses which I had bought. I showed them the deeds, and Mr. Watson showed me other deeds, and proved to me that the stranger—who was a Mr. Smith—had previously bought the whole of the same property from Captain T——; and that my title-deeds, and those of Mrs. Foreman and Mr. Hall, were worth nothing.

Captain T—— went off to America, out of the way of justice.

Mr. Hall, though a rich man, loved money so much, that the loss drove him out of his senses, and he died of grief for his four thousand pounds. Mrs. Foreman was troubled very much by her loss; but she and the captain had plenty of money left. I was the worst off, having lost what I had worked hard and long for, and only my own labour to look to for more.

I lost, also, in another way, a large portion of the sum which I had reserved for completing the houses. Among my seafaring friends, was Captain Robert H———, a worthy, honest man, to whom it was always a pleasure to render any service. I believed him to be with his ship in North America, when one day a man named P———, who had married H———'s sister, came to me at Captain Foreman's, and told me that H—— had been wrecked on the northern coast of

England, and had saved nothing from the ship; that he had written to P———, and requested him to ask me to lend him ten pounds for H———, who was a man well off in the world, and to say that H——— would repay me as soon as he could get at his own money. I never doubted what P——— told me; and, not having a ten-pound note, I gave a fifty pound to P———, telling him that I would call at his house the next day for the change. The next day I went after P———, and could not find him; and I learned from old Mrs. H———, upon whom I called, that P——— was a bad man, and that Robert was still at Quebec. Sometime afterwards, I found that P——— was living expensively in lodgings. I went to him, and demanded my money, and he threatened to kick me down stairs.

I had nothing to show in legal proof of my claim, for I had not even asked for a note-of-hand, or acknowledgment; so I lost my fifty pounds, without remedy.

Captain Foreman was busy, preparing the ship to take out passengers to Sydney, and I spent the chief part of every day on board, receiving stores, and answering the persons who came to inquire for cabins.

One morning, the captain was with the carpenter in the little boat close below the ship's stern, when the cabin-boy, who was washing wine-glasses, chanced to throw away some of his rinçings so that they fell over Captain Foreman.

The captain got into a passion, and accused me of having purposely done it.

I said I had not.

He answered hotly, "You are a liar."

"If you think that, sir," I said, "it is time for me to go."

I gave notice upon the spot, and left his service the same day, although Mrs. Foreman begged of me to stay.

CHAPTER IV.

"How soon
Our new-born light
Attains to full-aged noon!
And this how soon to grey-haired night!
We spring, we bud, we blossom, and we blast
Ere we can count our days, our days they flee so fast."

FRANCIS QUARLES.

DOMESTIC SERVICE IN LONDON; WITH COUNTRY EXCURSIONS.

Temporary Housekeeping — Lord Brougham — Mr. Charles Kemble — A Service of several Months — A Service of many Years.

ON leaving Captain and Mrs. Foreman's house, I went to Mrs. Colston's, and made calls upon several other friends. That very night I heard of a place likely to suit me.

Mr. G——, a lawyer, living at 26, Birchin Lane, was in want of a person to act as his housekeeper for a few weeks, his old one being very ill and expected to die, and his new one not being able to come to him without delay. Mr. G—— was a bachelor. He kept twenty-seven clerks, and several of them lived in the house.

One day, when an important cause was coming on, a parcel of papers had been sent from Mr. G——'s office to Lord Brougham, but one was forgotten, and Mr. G——, hastily recollecting it, bade me run with it instantly, and deliver it very carefully.

I went, and was shown into a room where I saw a person whom I took to be a clerk. I gave the packet into his hand, and told him to be sure to give it to his master.

He nodded his head, and said quietly, "I dare say I shall."

I was provoked at his taking it so easy, and said to him, "You sulky old fellow, I'll tell

your master. Look at the paper. It is of great consequence, Mr. G—— says, and you must look at it." I would not rest until he did so, and then I went away.

Mr. G—— told me afterwards that it was Lord Brougham himself; who was so pleased with my faithfulness about the paper, that he gave Mr. G—— half a sovereign to give me "for my impudence."

Mr. G——'s sister was married to a Mr. W——— about this time, and Mr. and Mrs. W——— came to London to spend the honeymoon with Mr. G——. The Kembles were old school-fellows of Mr. G——'s father, and Mr. Charles Kemble, to honour the bride and bridegroom, offered to bring some players and to get up private theatricals at Mr. G——'s house for their amusement. He did what he had thus proposed to do, and brought Miss Stephens,[1] Liston, and many others. They sang

[1] Miss Stephens was married to the Earl of Essex, April 14, 1838.

a great deal, and acted scenes from "Hamlet," "Douglas" and "Paul Pry." It was my business to get supper ready for the party, so I had not a moment to spare to go and see the playing; but when I had sent it up and was free, I found Shakspeare's plays on a table in the kitchen. I do not know how they came there.

I opened the book at "Hamlet," and read, and thought to myself, "I can do like this;" and then I turned to other plays, and read and acted characters. I took the poker for a sword, and was brandishing it about, thinking that I was quite alone, when all on a sudden I caught sight of Mr. Charles Kemble standing in the kitchen doorway, looking stedfastly at me. I stood still in a fright.

He said to me, "You have been on the stage?"

I answered, "No, sir."

"Then you have been much at the theatre?"

I answered, "No, sir, very seldom."

"Well," he said, "I have never seen any-

one with so great a capacity for tragic acting, since my poor sister!"

He asked me to come and stay at his house, promised that he would teach me for nothing, and then engage me for three nights a week at the theatre, and said that I might earn fifty pounds a-night by my acting. He gave me his card, and told me to call on him in Charles Street, Berkeley Square.

I said that I would think of it.

Soon after this, I was going one morning to Covent Garden Market to buy asparagus, when Mr. G—— told me to call at the theatre and deliver some papers there to Mr. Charles Kemble, by three o'clock. I went to the theatre before that time, and asked at the door for Mr. Charles Kemble. The porter said there was a rehearsal, and showed me the way I was to go. I found one or two hundred people, men, women, and children, assembled—being the full complement of the company belonging to that theatre.

I was obliged to pass very close to them, and I saw that many were poor, untidy looking creatures, and that some were quite dirty ragamuffins, shoeless, and without stockings, or perhaps shirts.

Mr. Charles Kemble came to meet me, and took me to the green-room, and asked me whether I had made up my mind. Mrs. Charles Kemble and other ladies were there. She said that I had the eye of an actress.

I said to Mr. Charles Kemble, "If I come, must I play with the people I have just seen in the long passage?"

He answered, "Sometimes, with some of them."

I told him they looked dirty and nasty, and I did not like such company, and would never go near them, nor suffer them to come near me; and I, therefore, gave up all idea of accepting his proposal.

He said, "Do you stop with G——?"

I told him why I could not; he wanted

to know where I was going, and seemed very sorry that I would not be an actress; telling me that I should soon have made a fortune on the boards.

The sight of those ragged wretches again, as I left the theatre, made me resolute to have nothing at all to do with them.

Mr. G——'s other sisters came to town after that, and took me once or twice to the play with them. I saw Miss Chester—a fine, tall woman, in a white satin dress. I also saw Miss Stephens, Miss Kelly, and Mr. Wood, in the 'Beggars' Opera.'

Mr. G—— was very sorry when his new housekeeper came, and wished that he had not hired her. She was spared to him as a favour, by one of his relations, otherwise he would have contrived to pay her for a disappointment, and to let me keep the place. However, my master said, that he was sorry to part with me; and I went to Mrs. Colston again.

The Captain and Mrs. Foreman had sent after me to her house several times, but I would take no notice; and at last the *Denmark Hill* sailed for Sydney, with a great deal of my property on board, which I thought they ought to have set on shore for me.

One day, in the street, I met a young Irish girl, who asked me whether I could help her to get into service.

I answered, that I wanted a place myself.

She told me that she had just been to offer herself for a place which she was not a sufficiently good cook to take, and that she did not doubt it would suit me. She directed me to the house in W—— Place.

I went there, and was hired by Mrs. U——— at once, for she took a fancy to me; and that very day she talked to me for two hours, and told me all the particulars of her family history. Her husband was a great Darlington merchant. Her maiden name was P——, and she was the only child and heiress

of the Mr. P—— who first began to build about Gower Street and the Regent's Park. She was, when I knew her, eighty-two years of age, and a Roman Catholic. Her husband was an aged man. Their three unmarried sons, a widowed daughter, and that daughter's daughter, all lived in the same house with Mr. and Mrs. U———.

My business was to cook for them, and I had seven separate little dinners to send up every day, besides one for the servants. It was not hard work, but always messing. She would sometimes ring the parlour bell in order to summon me to take her orders for dinner, and when I answered it, I found her in the act of reading prayers for the other two ladies. Yet, she would not suffer me to leave the room, but went on first with a few words of the prayer, and then with a few words to me about the dinners.

She used to say, "What is in season?"

I answered, "Such and such a thing is in season, but very dear."

This I soon found led her to buy whatever it was that I spoke of as too dear, for she immediately patted her pocket, and said,

"Do you know who I am? Mrs. U———, with eight thousand pounds a-year pocket-money, that no one can touch!"

I have heard that Dr. Bartoloni, the family confessor, received a salary of five hundred pounds a year from them.

I was not easy in her house. She fidgeted me. She was always changing the servants, and I have known seven successive under-housemaids there, in the course of a single week. She frequently hindered me at my work by coming to the kitchen, and was affronted when I had not time to talk to her. She often came as early as eight o'clock, and would have kept me for hours talking of her family troubles. When I did not attend, she would go away and return again; and one morning, I chalked forty eight times that she had come to me down four pairs of stairs.

Her daughter had not married well, and her sons were wild. She was a good woman, although I am sure she was crazy.

She used to take me every night to her bedroom, to assist her in searching for thieves under the chests-of-drawers, and in other places where they could not possibly be. One night she called to me in the midst of her search that she had found a quantity of cobwebs to prove the untidiness of the housemaids. On going to her, I soon saw that her fancied cobwebs were scraps of her own lace cap, which were falling like tinder from her head, having been singed by her stooping over the candle.

She used to spend her Fridays in going about as a sort of penance, to pay for the maintenance of the numerous illegitimate children of one of her relations.

I remained several months with Mrs. U——, looking out in the meantime for something that might suit me better than her service did.

Through Mr. Crompton, who was one of

Mr G——'s clerks, I heard that an acquaintance of his, a young gentleman who was come up to London to study the common law, wanted a housekeeper.

I went and offered myself, and was engaged. The gentleman's name was C—— H——. He lived at his own house, in Fenchurch Street. It was too large for him, so he let the shop and part of the dwelling, and kept only four rooms. Two of his brothers were staying with him when I first entered his service, and one of them, with another brother of his, who was not then at his house, went afterwards to Jamaica. His father, with the eldest brother and sisters, had a house at Cheshunt, but were often in town, and gave me many marketings to do for them. The house was very old-fashioned, and so spacious, that every step of the staircase of the second, third, and fourth stories measured three yards in length. There was a pump of spring water on the second flight.

I went to this place in a morning, and I found it lucky, though it is not usually thought to be so. I liked the house, and I liked my master. He was a good, innocent sort of man, and very careful in his choice of companions.

His health was delicate, when put out, he was sometimes rather pettish in his temper; and when I first lived with him he had on such occasions a habit of swearing. I thought it would be well to cure him of this, so I took my opportunity.

One day, one of his brothers made an appointment with him at a certain hour the next morning, broke it, and kept him waiting all day long.

He quite lost his temper, was out of all patience, and when I went into the room on some business, he spoke peevishly and swore at me.

I moved towards the door.

He asked why I was going.

I said, "Sir, I see that the room is not

large enough for you, and me, and your company."

He answered—"What do you mean? I have no company."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir, but I thought, from your way of speaking, that the room was full of devils, and that I was better out of it."

He coloured up and said—

"Well, Betsy, you must own that my brother is very provoking."

"That is no reason," I answered, sternly, "that you should swear at me."

He looked much ashamed, and from that hour he broke himself of the habit of swearing.

He was a very upright man, and very kind-hearted. He took pleasure in undertaking business for the poor, and would carry on their suit, and win their causes, without making any charge for his trouble, feeling well rewarded by obtaining their rights for them.

After I had been about two years with

Mr. H——, he had a rheumatic fever, through which I nursed him, and he got well in a few weeks.

Dr. M——, the physician, attended him. Dr. M——'s nephew, Mr. C—— M—— , was married to one of Mr. H——'s sisters.

The Miss H——s used to come, whenever it suited them, to stay at my master's lodgings, or to take a bed there, when visiting London on business.

Mr. H—— had great confidence in me. He knew that I held to the good old adage, 'Steal a pin, steal a pound;' and that I would not touch a book of his, unless he offered it to me, although I was so fond of reading, that once, when he had lent me an interesting history, I forgot to go to bed, and sat, enjoying it, until the morning.

He used to tell me his affairs, and twice, when he fancied himself to be in love, he read to me the letters which he wrote, and the answers which he received from the young ladies.

There was a gentleman, named S——, who had been his school-fellow, and used sometimes to come late at night, or, I ought to say, early in the morning, and take a bed at Mr. H——'s. My master had told him that I was perfectly honest, and Mr. S——, it seems, did not believe that any servant could be so; for he used to leave money about in the bed, under the carpet, and in all sorts of odd corners. At first, I found some silver in his room, and I placed it on the mantel-shelf in my master's sitting-room. This happened several times, the sums growing larger. Then I found a sovereign, which I picked up and restored, as I had done my former findings; and a five-pound note, with which I did the same. At last, I found, one morning, a fifty-pound note under his pillow. I took it at once to the two gentlemen, who were at breakfast, and said to Mr. S——:

"Sir, you left fifty pounds under your pillow."

He exclaimed—"No?" feigning surprise.

I persisted—"You did, sir, and you knew it. You did it on purpose to try me, thinking I might be honest with small sums, but not with large ones. I now give you warning that if I see any more of your money left about, I shall keep it, to punish you for having distrusted me. I wonder Mr. H—— lets you come here. You are a very wicked man."

He was very good-natured, but very wild.

When Mr. H—— became aware of his real character, he put a stop to his visits.

My sister Sally had married a farmer named John Jones. She would not leave my father while he lived; and, after his death, her husband continued to rent the farm, and lived in the old house at Pen Rhiw.

Their daughter Mary, at nine years old, wrote some pretty verses in her native language upon my father's death. They are printed at the end of the 'Ychydig Gofnodau am Dafydd

Cadwaladr, Bala, Agraffwyd gan R. Saunderson, 1836.'[1]

In 1842, my sister Bridget paid a visit to our sister Sally, at Pen Rhiw. I went to see her off; and, on returning to my master's house, I mentioned having done so, and added, under the feeling of the moment—

"I wish I was going too!"

I thought no more about it, but Mr. H—— did, and he very kindly made arrangements to spare me for a week; so, in a day or two afterwards, I followed Bridget to Pen Rhiw.

My sister Gwen and her family were still living at Bangor.

Our sister Mary—Mrs. Nelson—had lost her husband; her only daughter was married in India, and her four sons held appointments there in the Company's service. She had a

[1] From this little work, and from the 'Methodistiaeth Cymru,' gan y Parch John Hughes, Gwrescam, 1851, Cyfrol 1 pp. 543—49, many of the particulars of the life of Dafydd Cadwaladyr, mentioned in the Introduction to the present work, have been derived.

pension of one hundred and eighty pounds a year, as an officer's widow, and returned to her own country and settled at Cerrig y Druiddion, in Denbighshire, about thirty miles from Pen Rhiw.

She came over to see me while I was staying there, and then I remembered to have met her before when she was walking with Captain Nelson, and I with Major Marley, in Fort William, Calcutta.

My old master and kind friend, Mr. Lloyd of Plas yn Drêf, was still alive, and gave me a hearty welcome. Mrs. Lloyd had died before I came down, not long after her return from London.

A great number of my old acquaintance had died since I last saw Bala, besides my father.

I loved my sister Sally more than ever, and I loved her husband also, for the kindnesses they had shown my father in his old age, when I was far away.

Bridget and I returned to London one after

another, when our different duties called us back.

Mr. H—— led a very quiet life, attending daily at his office, sometimes going out to a party, or to his father's house at Cheshunt, and sometimes receiving a friend, or two or three of his nearest relatives, at his own house.

One day he set out for Cheshunt, and I did not hear a word from him or of him for a fortnight. Then old Mr. H—— came, and told me that my master had been badly hurt by the upsetting of a coach the day I had last seen him; that for some days he was laid up, dangerously ill, at Tottenham, before he could be taken on to Cheshunt, where he then was.

A few days afterwards, my master was brought home to London, propped up with pillows in a coach. He was impatient to come, thinking that he should get well the sooner for my nursing. His back had been injured by the fall, and his health was affected also by the shock. He was very ill; but,

with great care, he revived, and quite recovered in the course of time. He had before been thin, but when he got well, after this accident, he grew very stout; but he was never strong, and he required to be carefully attended to at all times to prevent his getting ill. This delicate state of health caused him to value my services, and to depend more upon me than a person in perfect health would have done. I was, in fact, his nurse, as well as his housekeeper, for he was a poor feeble thing.

One day my master came in from the office, sat down in his chair, and complained of giddiness in his head, and of feeling very ill. He became black in the face, foamed at the mouth, and had a dreadful fit. I sent for Dr. M——, who used to attend him. He recovered, but the fit left him in a weak state, and Dr. M—— advised his going into the country, thinking that London was too close for him.

This unsettled my master. He thought at one time of taking a cottage in the neighbourhood of London, from which he could reach his office every day: but at length he determined, as the assizes were going on, and he had a cause for trial at Wrexham, and another at Dolgellau, that he would go into Wales for the present, and defer making choice of a new place of residence. Accordingly he let out the whole house in Fenchurch Street, and put his furniture into safe custody.

He had many friends in Wales, and a great deal of business to attend to in different Welsh towns, therefore he took Lloyd, his clerk, with him, and arranged that I should accompany them to Wrexham, and that I should go about on visits to my relations, keeping as near as I could to the various places where they would be to lodge, and where my master might be staying.

This was, I think, either in the year 1844 or 1845,

At Wrexham I stopped with some cousins of mine. While Mr. H——— was at Dolgellau, I stayed at Plas yn Drêf with the Lloyd family. Old Mr. Lloyd had died since my last visit.

Mr. H——— was so well pleased with Wales that he remained there, not only during the assizes, but all through the long vacation. He went about, staying with Sir R. Vaughan, at Nannau, and at other gentlemen's seats, and amusing himself with going out hunting and making excursions to see the country. When he visited Caernarvonshire, I went to my friends at Pwllheli and at Llanberris.

From Llanberris I ascended Snowdon with Mr. H———, and a large party of my Welsh friends. Among them were Mr. Roberts, Mrs. Jones of Bangor, Captain Evans's two daughters, and others: about twenty of us altogether. We walked up to the top in the dead of night, that we might be ready there to see the sun rise.

A glorious sight it was, and when the

curtain of fog drew up, and the high ranges of mountains, and the valleys, and the rivers, and the distant country were seen outspread around us, I thought that I never in all my wanderings had looked upon anything so fine.

When my master was in lodgings at Bangor, I stayed at the house of my sister Gwen in that town. She was then a widow, and had a neat little house, and a small income which sufficed to maintain her comfortably. Her only children were two daughters, and both of them were then at home—the eldest being on a short visit to her mother from Liverpool, where she lived in service.

About this time the annual association of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists took place at Conway, and I and all my relations and friends attended it. From thence I went by way of Llanrwst, to Cerrig y Druiddion, where I waited until my master and his friend, Mr. David Jones, rejoined me. We travelled together to Bala, and I went to Pen Rhiw, on

a visit to my sister Sarah. My old conviction of my sister Gwen's dislike to me was revived at this time by the discovery that she had been trying to persuade my master that I was not to be trusted, but might some day leave his service suddenly; her object being, I thought, to put her eldest daughter into my place as Mr. H——'s housekeeper. Gwen had seen and known very little of me since I was a child, but Mr. H—— knew that I had been with him for several years, and that he was not likely to get a servant and nurse that would suit him better.

During this visit to Wales, Mr. H—— had given me the pleasure of seeing my friends in different places, while he suited his own convenience by having me at hand, and in readiness to nurse him, whenever he might be ill.

Mr. H——'s business now required him to return to London. We travelled by railway, and took the express train for the sake of some butter-milk, which I was carrying from

Pen Rhiw for my sister Bridget, who is very fond of butter-milk. She was then keeping a lodging-house at No. 4, Winkworth Buildings, City Road. Mr. H——had neglected to provide himself with apartments, and hers chanced to be vacant at the time. He went there merely for the present; but day after day, neglecting to look out for others, he became so comfortable, and found them, as he said, 'so quiet and cosy,' that he took four rooms at my sister's house, and made his home there, continuing to attend at his office in the Temple. He went out less than ever, and received fewer visitors. He had a handsome income from his business, besides two thousand pounds a-year, which had been left to him by an uncle.

The year after his visit to North Wales, both his father and mother died, and he came into possession of still more property.

There was a family quarrel at the father's death, and the brothers and sisters were never afterwards good friends.

My master often said that they had used him very ill; and he told several of his friends, as well as myself, that he meant to leave the bulk of his property to me.

I used often to call on Mrs. Carter, who was Mrs. Foreman's sister, to inquire after Captain and Mrs. Foreman. Mrs. Foreman's brother was for many years foreman to Mr. Apsley Pellatt, the great porcelain manufacturer. They did not make many voyages after I left them, but gave up business, sold the *Denmark Hill* to persons who wanted her for the seal trade, and settled in their own house at Sydney. Mrs. Foreman died first. The old captain became quite blind, and survived her about two years and a half. He had no near relation, and her relations became possessed of a great deal of property after the captain's death.

In the year 1849, Mr. H—— went to Cardiff on professional business. I was left in London, and, in a few days after his de-

parture, I received a letter from him, ordering me to look in his desk for some papers belonging to a client of his, named John Davis, and to bring them with me on the journey which he had before arranged that I should make.

I travelled from London to Llandeilo, and spent a week there among the many Welsh friends of mine who came there, as I did, to attend the association.

From Llandeilo I went to Cardiff, and there I found Mr. H—— in lodgings. He was very ill; a doctor was attending him, and he had kept his bed for three days when I arrived.

On my going into his room, he said—"Oh, Betsy, are you come?"

He was very glad to see me, and told me that his illness had been brought on by his taking a long walk, over-heating himself, and then throwing off his coat, sleeping on the sofa, and getting a chill. He spoke cheerfully, and hoped that I was come to nurse him well again. I did all I could for him, and

watched him day and night. High fever came on; he became delirious and raving. He would suffer no one but me to come near him. I could not keep him in his bed. The moment that I had persuaded him to go back to it, he was out again, crying out that he wanted to go home, and that he must and would go home. I got together all the doctors of the town to attend him; but they did him no good. I feel sure that the one who was first with him did not understand his disorder, and mistreated it.

When I had nursed him for a week, he became sensible again, lay very quiet, and talked to me of his affairs. He said, "If anything happens to me, don't tell my family." The doctor told me that he thought they had now mastered the complaint, and that Mr. H——— would do well.

The next morning early he turned on his side, put one hand under his head, and fell asleep. It was a favourite posture of his when

he was resting; and he had often told me, when I nursed him in former ailments, that he thought that he should die so.

Two hours afterwards I looked at him. He was lying very still, and I saw that he was altered, his face was ghastly, and his features sharpened. As I bent over him, he breathed one short sigh and was gone.

He was forty-one years of age, and a good and handsome gentleman.

I sent for an undertaker, and ordered a shell, a lead coffin, and an outer wooden one; and I had him buried at Cardiff.

The doctors who had attended him in his last illness, Mr. Griffin, the chancery clerk whom he had employed, John Davis his client, and Mr. Elliott, at whose house he died, followed my master to the grave.

CHAPTER V.

"What's hallowed ground? 'Tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth.
Peace, Independence, Truth, go forth
Earth's compass round!
And your high-priesthood shall make earth
All hallowed ground."

CAMPBELL.

NEW ENTERPRIZES.

A Fortune lost—Barbosa again—Guy's Hospital—South Wales—Illness—Occasional Employments—The Crimean War—Volunteering for Hospital Service—Supplement.

As soon as Mr. H———'s funeral was over, I returned to his lodgings at my sister's house in London.

I put his papers together, and I found and read his will. By it he gave an estate near

Lewes, in Sussex, to his eldest sister, Mrs. M——, and everything else that he possessed he left to me. The will was written in his own hand-writing, signed by himself, and witnessed by two gentlemen who were friends of his.

Under it I was entitled to all his household furniture, which was then at his lodgings; to many thousand pounds in money, to several houses in F——— Street, to an estate in Wiltshire, to a farm in Hertfordshire, to several farms at H——, and other property.

Although Mr. H—— had enjoined me not to let his relations have anything to do with his affairs, I could not feel it right to obey him in this; and the day after my return to London I went to Cheshunt. I saw Miss Mary H——, and told her the particulars of Mr. Charles H——'s death. The next day she came with her brother, Mr. John H——, to my sister's house. They took possession of all my master's papers, with the will, his

clothes, his furniture, and everything there that had belonged to him, and removed them from the house. They left me nothing but a few old things, which I afterwards sold for fifteen shillings. They and their lawyer said that the will was useless, because it had but two witnesses instead of three, and they administered to my master's property as if he had made no will.[1]

They questioned me about some of his things, and I told them what I knew about them. Miss Mary H—— said that she had never in her life dealt with a more upright person, and that I was the most honest woman she ever knew in her life, and she should be glad to recommend me to another service.

My master had given me almost everything. They gave me nothing, and took all that he had given away from me. Instead of possess-

[1] It is not intended here to impugn the strict legality of the proceedings which disappointed Cadwaladyr's expectations.

ing an income of £4000 a year, I had again to rely on my own labour for support.

While I was living with Mr. H———, Captain Church one day delivered a message to me from Mr. Barbosa, asking me to go back to Sydney to marry him, or to send my address that he might come to England to marry me.

After that again, about two years before Mr. H———'s death, Captain Bunster told me that Mr. Barbosa had charged him with a message to the same purport, adding, that he would never marry any one unless he could marry me. When I last heard of him, he was living at Sydney.

I do not know whether B—— ever returned from the Cape, or what became of him. I never asked.

A meeting of the Calvinistic Methodist Association being held at Liverpool about this time, I determined to attend it, and to see the old places there once more. I went, and my sister Bridget accompanied me.

Sir George B——'s old house at the corner of D—— Street, I found to be still standing, but used as a warehouse.

A lighthouse had been erected on the Black Rock where the *Perseverance* struck, and where Harris was lost years before.

Having been much accustomed to the sick, and to all sorts of casualties, I engaged myself, as a nurse, at Guy's Hospital, and continued there for some time—perhaps a year; I do not exactly remember how long. The doctors, finding me steady and sober, wanted me to become a night nurse, in the place of one who had behaved ill. This I refused, and thereupon left the hospital.

I next took to nursing private patients, being recommended by surgeons and physicians to whom I was well known.

I did not like nursing so well as being in service, and, hearing from one of my Welsh friends that a fellow-countrywoman was wanting to take charge of a house in South Wales,

I asked her to recommend me. She did so. On hearing that I was Dafyd Cadwaladyr's daughter, Lady —— sent for me, spoke to me, and engaged me. I went down in August, 1851. In the November following I had a fever, which ended in the dropsical swelling of one leg. Lady —— sent me to London, in order that I might be cured at the Homœopathic Hospital, in Golden Square; but I was very ill after the journey, and kept my bed for several weeks at my sister's house, where one of the surgeons from that hospital attended me. By slow degrees, I recovered my health.

In March, 1852, I walked, one day, to —— Street, to ask after Lady —— and the family. When I got there, I found that the housekeeper was just going to forward a note, which had been sent for me by her ladyship. Its purport was to ask me to come there as head-housemaid, to supply the place of a person who had just been obliged to return to Wales on account of her husband's sudden death.

I set about my work there immediately.

Lord Raglan's house stood near; and often, when I was cleaning the door of a morning, I used to see Lord Raglan going out on horseback for his morning ride. He never passed me without giving me a pleasant look and a civil word, such as "Cold morning," or "Fine morning;" and once I heard him say to his groom, "That woman's always up!" I stayed in —— Street until August, 1852, when the family left town, and my services were no longer wanted.

I returned to my sister Bridget's house as a home, and again maintained myself by going out to nurse.

I had from my early childhood a dislike to soldiers; and this dislike was aggravated by the cruel conduct of the sentries in India who prevented the young widow's escape from the suttee.

After having been abroad, I always liked to know what was going on in the world, and

this curiosity made me an eager reader of the newspapers. Sitting one evening with my sister, I read in one of them an account of the battle of the Alma.

"Oh!" said I, "if I had wings, would not I go?"

"What," answered Bridget, "go to be a soldier? Well, I can believe anything, if you have changed your mind about them."

I did not want to be a soldier, but to see what was going on, and to take care of the wounded.

Then again I read of Miss Nightingale preparing to take out nurses. I did not like the name of Nightingale. When I first hear a name, I am very apt to know by my feeling whether I shall like the person who bears it.[1]

I determined that I would try to go to the

[1] The peculiar tone of the heroine's mind is strongly marked by this premonitory form of prejudice against a name which conveys to people in general very pleasing impressions.

Crimea.[2] I dressed myself, and set off to the solicitor named in the newspaper. I found him by the address given. He was in George Street; and from thence I was directed to St. John's, Queen's Square, Westminster. When I got there, I thought that I was in a nunnery —I saw so many women, and only one man. He was the Rev. Mr. Shepherd. He asked my history and occupation, and said that if I had applied two or three days before, I could have gone next week with Miss Nightingale and her staff; but that now no more nurses could be sent out until after her arrival. He took down my address, and promised to write to me. I then returned home.

Some time afterwards, Dr. Watkins—an old acquaintance of mine from Breconshire—gave me a written recommendation to the Ladies' Committee. I took it to Mrs. Sidney

[2] To be near the head-quarters of the army appears to have been the heroine's first impulse and persevering intention.

Herbert's. The servant there showed me the way to Miss Stanley's, at No. 6, Grosvenor Crescent. I saw Miss Stanley, and she asked me many questions, and wrote down a great deal. I suppose it was my pedigree, and all about me. Seeing that I was a Welshwoman, she told me that her grandmother was a Welsh heiress. As to my going out, she said she could give me but little hope.

A day or two passed by, and then I received a letter from Mrs. Sidney Herbert, telling me to call that day between ten and twelve o'clock at her house, to settle about going to the east. It was then two o'clock, but I went. and saw Mrs. Sidney Herbert, who told me that I was not too late. She fitted me with a bonnet, goloshes, and cloak, and sent me to Miss Stanley's to be fitted with a gown. Long and short was the greatest difference between the gowns; there was not much shape in them.

The clothes supplied to us were not sufficient for those who had rough and dirty work to do.

Two gowns were provided, and I wore them out, and three of my own besides, before I came back again. The aprons and other things were also too few; and those nurses must have been badly off who had not a stock of clothes of their own.

I went to Mr. Sidney Herbert's house in Belgrave Square, on Friday, the first of December, 1854, with the other nurses and ladies who were to go out under Miss Stanley. We stood while he addressed us, warning us to expect hardships and discomforts, and to be prepared to meet many horrid scenes: he exhorted us to obedience, and desired us to remember that we all went out equally as hospital nurses, that nobody was to think herself above the rest of her companions. I also particularly recollect his using the following words, or words which bore the same meaning.

"You are going from hence into a strange land, and according to your behaviour and obedience you will be rewarded. If you be-

have yourselves well, there will be a provision for you; if not, it will be the ruin of you. I want to impress this upon your minds—you go out either to make yourselves, or to ruin yourselves."

As he said this, I thought to myself—"Please God, they shall never have reason to complain of me!"

There were some present whose looks I did not like, and there were many very respectable persons.

I told one of the gentlemen, that morning, that I intended to go to the Crimea. He answered—

"My good woman, you must be either drunk or mad! You would be amongst our enemies. It would be quite presumptuous to think of such a thing. We have not the least idea of establishing a hospital in the Crimea."

The form of agreement was then read to us. It bound us to devote severally our whole time and attention to the duties of a

nurse of the sick and wounded of the British army serving in the East; under the direction and to the satisfaction of the Superintendent of Hospitals. I do not remember that the name of Miss Nightingale was mentioned in the agreement. I believe that it was not, and I have always thought so. I have still kept my certificate, and, certainly, she is not named in that.[1]

The wages were to rise from ten shillings a week to twenty-five shillings, according to service and merit.

Miss Stanley's party consisted of fifteen nuns, called 'Sisters of Mercy;' they were chiefly Irish ladies, who had been in training at Chelsea for a short time: also of nine ladies, namely—

Miss E. Anderson,
Miss Shaw Stewart,
Miss Kate Anderson,
Miss Smythe,

[1] See Appendix A

Miss Sims,
Miss Polidori,
Miss Clough,
Miss Tebbutt, and
Miss Taylor; and of twenty-two nurses.

Mr. Percy, of 77 Eaton Place, London, and Dr. Meyer, who had held a medical appointment in Norfolk Island, accompanied the party.

We were only allowed one small box apiece by way of luggage, and we were not allowed to open it until we got to Constantinople. I carried a change of linen in a bag, but wearing the same outer clothes all the way; we were a very dirty-looking set.

We went by railway to Folkestone and crossed the channel to Boulogne. We then went to Paris, where we were not fit to be seen, and we stayed there over Sunday. On Monday we went to Lyons; we passed from thence down the Rhone to Valence, and went on by railway to Avignon and Marseilles.

There I went to the quay, and asked which of the ships we were to take our passage by.

The *Egyptus* was pointed out to me, having soldiers on board.

I said—"Oh, she is a perfect rolling-pin!" I knew it by the build of her; she was too broad in the bottom. We had a troublesome voyage in her; some thought she was out of repair, but whether that was the case or not, the fault was in her building.

Some of our company went on shore at Messina, but I did not, having been there before; but I did go on shore at the Piræus to see it once more. At Gallipoli, two French sisters of charity joined us.

On the 17th of December, we passed Scutari and arrived at Constantinople. We left the *Egyptus* on Monday, the 18th of December, and reached Therapia early in the forenoon.

SUPPLEMENT TO CHAPTER V.

One of Cadwaladyr's fellow voyagers has kindly added the following original record, which embodies some particulars not noticed in the preceding chapter.

"After a training in one of the London hospitals, and a probation in St. John's House, I was selected as a nurse to the British army, and prepared to leave England with Miss Stanley's party.

"We had each a certificate on parchment given to us, signed by Dr. Andrew Smith, which we were told to keep about us as a kind of passport, or ticket of admission to the hospitals (they were never inquired for). I returned to St. John's, and in the evening,

heard an address from our chaplain, and received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

"Four of us were going from St. John's—six having left with Miss Nightingale—and received before going, the benediction of the Bishop of London, whose wish it had been that the sending forth of female nurses should have been the spontaneous movement of the Protestant Church.

"Soon after four, on the morning of the 2nd, we all met at London Bridge station, and there first saw the fifteen Roman Catholic Sisters.

"The leave-takings were many, but I being a stranger in London, had no kind friends to say farewell.

"At Boulogne we were hospitably received, by the fisherwomen taking charge of our luggage from the boat to the station. A luncheon was kindly provided at the Hotel des Bains, after which we left for Paris. We reached that city late at night, and every

comfort was provided for us at the Hotel du Prince, Rue Richelieu.

"Here, I must speak of the great kindness and attention shown to us by the Hon. J. Percy, and Dr. Meyer, and by Miss Stanley, who had the charge of the party, numbering in all fifty-two persons.

"Through Mr. Percy's kindness in taking us, we went in a body to the English chapel, and many of us there partook of the Lord's Supper. In the evening we had a walk—in a procession of two abreast—people wondering what we were in our grey dresses, grey cloaks, and brown bonnets.

"In the morning we started for Lyons, and on the morning of the 5th, embarked on board the steamer, but a fog coming on, we were stranded on the Rhone for two hours; then the day cleared up, and we enjoyed our voyage, with its beautiful views, and the many windings of the river.

"The Duchess of Hamilton, and her children.

and party were on board, on their way to Nice. Arriving at Valence, we found that we had missed the train to Marseilles, so we telegraphed to Avignon for beds to be prepared for our large party. As usual at the hotels in France, we found them prepared to receive us.

"In the morning we started for Marseilles, and arrived about noon at the Hotel de l'Europe.

"We went out shopping, and Mr. Percy kindly acted as our interpreter.

"In the afternoon of December 7th, we embarked on board the mail steamer *Egyptus*, carrying out French soldiers to the East.

"We had not been out long before a storm arose, and press of weather drove the *Egyptus* into Hyeres, for some hours.

"On the evening of the 8th, we went on our way. The French soldiers all slept on deck. We had high winds till December 11th, when the sea became quite calm, and at

four o'clock in the morning I got up to look at Mount Stromboli. We passed close by the island, and could see a light as in a cottage window at the foot of the mountain.

"In the dark night, the mountain seemed like a rock of fire in the midst of the water. Every now and then a flame burst out, and then disappeared, and a rumbling noise was heard as of falling cinders. One was beside me then, whom God has since seen fit to take to himself, and whose body is laid in the graveyard of Scutari.

"Some of our party went on shore at Messina, where we anchored at daybreak. They came back full of praise of the kind reception they had met with, and the beautiful orange and lemon groves.

"A second storm came on after leaving Messina, and the occupants of the fore-cabins suffered much, as the skylight was washed off, the sea constantly washed over the ship, and the water had to be baled out of our cabins;

whilst every moment we expected to go down. Never shall I forget that storm. The noise on deck was awful. The nurses were very quiet, but we could hear the screams of the nuns as the water rushed into their cabins.

"The following morning, before it was safe to walk the deck, Miss Stanley kindly came to see us. She then exchanged berths with one of the nurses, and slept and took her food in the fore-cabin for the rest of the voyage.

"The garçon had been in great request, for as soon as he had baled out the water, it flowed in again. No breakfast could be got that day, and for some days afterwards the water was salt.

"We put back into Navarino Bay till the storm abated. On the 15th, we anchored off the Piræus. Some of our party went on shore, and rode nearly to Athens. It was a beautiful day—the country and the white marble ruins looked beautiful in the distance.

"Here I first saw the Greek boatmen in their

strange costume, and an Albanian came on board to dine with us; two officers of the Buffs, and two French Sisters of Charity also came on board, with whose cheerful manners I was much pleased; and the French soldiers in the ship seemed to look upon them as friends.

"On Saturday, the 16th, we passed the Plains of Troy, entered the Dardanelles, and anchored off Gallipoli at dark. Two French sœurs de la charité came on board there to proceed to Constantinople.

"It was only as we passed the Seraglio Point that we realized the great beauty of the view when entering the Golden Horn, and, for the first time, looked upon the mosques and minarets of the far-famed city; but our thoughts were on our fellow-countrymen, lying at Scutari, in the hospitals, and we forgot our fatigue in our desire to be with them.

"The first note of welcome was from the crew of the French hospital ship, who cheered us as we passed.

"At Constantinople, the two hundred and fifty French soldiers, who had come with us from Marseilles, left the ship. They were perfectly well-conducted men in all respects.

"Whilst we were anxiously waiting to know what would be done with us, we amused ourselves with watching the fairy-like caïques shooting rapidly by, with Turkish women closely wrapped in feridgees and yachmacs.

"Most strange to us were the many sights that passed up the Golden Horn on this our first evening in Turkey; and much disappointed we were to find that we were to sleep on board another night. In the morning, we were taken up the Bosphorus to Therapia. The scenery was ever changing, and truly beautiful; but there was a damp on our spirits at not being set to work at once, knowing, as we did, that help was so much needed —some three thousand sick being at that time in the Scutari hospitals.

"On the Sunday morning before Christmas

Day, we had service in the room set apart for an English chapel — part of the Hôtel de l'Angleterre ;—but on Christmas Day we stayed at home, and had mince-pies sent for our dinner by Lady Stratford.

"Roses, shrubs, and many flowers were in fine bloom, and we enjoyed much the walks in the garden of the Embassy. Therapia i sa Greek village, and one day I went to the Greek chapel. I could see little difference in their worship from the church of Rome. Each person brought a lighted candle, placed it before the picture of a saint, bowed before it, and the priest brought incense, and walked down the aisles waving it about.

"One day being at the landing-stage, a Greek brought a cross folded in a napkin, and the Greeks going on a journey kissed it, placed money in a silver plate, and they were sprinkled with incense. I was told the ceremony was intended to insure them a safe voyage.

"On the Sundays we went to the naval hospitals, and there we first saw the poor men sent down from the front with frost-bites, and every dreadful form of disease.

"Some of our party went for a time to wash for them, and their clothes were then brought to our abode to be mended. Some of us were ill, and were kindly attended to by a naval surgeon."

CHAPTER VI.

"Take well whate'er shall chance, though bad it be,
Take it for good, and 'twill be good to thee."

RANDOLPH'S PRECEPTS.

EASTERN EXPERIENCE OF HOSPITAL LIFE.

Therapia—Scutari—Supplement.

I WAS very much disappointed, like the rest of Miss Stanley's party, at being sent to Therapia, instead of having employment at once in some military hospital. I was ready to go to the Crimea, and to do my best for the poor soldiers; but I was left without knowing what I was to do, or whether I

should ever be set to the work for which I had hired myself; and, like the rest, I was discontented and uncomfortable.

I knew that this state of things was harder for Miss Stanley than for any of us, for she had not only her own disappointment to bear, but ours too; besides the ill-behavour of two or three of the party, who disgraced themselves by drunkenness, as well as the discontent and murmuring of all the ladies and nurses; who, knowing that their services were really and sadly wanting at Scutari, were kept away from their proper work, which they had quitted home and friends to do; and left either to pass their time in utter idleness, or to while it away in doing things of a sort which they had never engaged or intended to do.

When Miss Stanley used to go to Pera and Constantinople to see if there was any opening for us, the nurses would watch for her return, and flock around her like a swarm of bees, questioning and teazing, and speaking

reproachfully among themselves, on purpose that she might overhear them. Miss Stanley bore it wonderfully. I honoured her for the patient, resolute way in which she suffered it all, and kept her own counsel without condescending to complain, or to tell us the trouble she was in. She used only to say—

"I do my best to get you employed. I hope you will not have to wait long. I cannot name the day."

Often and often I have pitied her for being placed in such circumstances, and for having people almost in a state of mutiny to deal with. I never teazed and pained her with such questions. I knew she could not help our situation, and no one had more cause to dislike it than herself. She had a great deal to put up with, and in my opinion, she always behaved like a lady—like a real lady, as she is.

If anybody wants Miss Stanley's character, the people from Koulali can give it; and she well deserves their praises.

While we were waiting at Therapia, Mrs. Shaw Stewart brought down a large basket of the patients' linen, from the naval hospital, to be mended; but our party would not touch the things until Miss Stanley persuaded them, and set them the example.

With her permission, I took my turn among the nurses who went up to the naval hospital to wash clothes for the patients. I was glad to do anything that was of use to the poor fellows.

I am sure the committee of ladies in England did all they could to procure good nurses or the Eastern hospitals; but they were obliged to take other people's recommendations, and could not know enough of the working-classes to judge for themselves. Many women, therefore, were sent out as nurses who had never filled any place of trust before, and were really incapable of the duties which they had undertaken.

Some among them, too, were persons of unsteady habits, who, not doing well at home, hoped to fare better abroad.

Others were good women, and excellent nurses, and deserved to be trusted.

I was one of the nurses in the last set sent for by Miss Nightingale [1] from Miss Stanley's party at Therapia.

We arrived at the barrack-hospital, Scutari, on Monday afternoon. We were ready for work, but had nothing given us to do that day.

On Tuesday we had a parcel of old shirts put before us to mend, and we continued at that work until Friday afternoon.

On Thursday, I asked Mrs. Barker—one of

[1] "Miss Nightingale"—according to a statement made or authorized by herself—"had been placed by the Government in two positions of trust—each quite independent of the other. She had been appointed superintendent of the nursing establishment, and she further had received authority as almoner of the free gifts; to apply them, or any other funds derived from private sources, in the war hospitals."—See 'Statements Exhibiting the Voluntary Contributions,' &c., pp. 19, 20. Printed by Harrison, St. Martin's Lane, W.C., 1857.

Miss Nightingale's own nurses—when they were going to the wards. She said—

"We are not going until one of the Sisters of Mercy comes and calls for us. This they usually do from half-past ten to half past eleven, and they stay about half-an-hour in the wards."

She also told me that they must not speak to the patients excepting through the Sisters of Mercy, or else they would be sent home by Miss Nightingale.

I never was allowed to visit any of the wards, but I saw the patients in the long corridor, through which I passed in and out. On Friday morning Mrs. Bracebridge came to me, and said she wanted me to go into the stores from two o'clock until five, to sort the linen with other nurses. I think there were five of them. When I got into the stores, really I was shocked to see the condition they were in. If there was a pound of rotten linen, there were thirty tons. I do not speak

at random, for I am used to the weight of goods. I remarked to one of the nurses,

"What a sin and shame it was to see so much linen spoiled."

She answered, "Don't talk about that. Go to the mainguard stores, you will see everything, from a baby's shirt to a man's great coat—a hundred tons, if not more—not worth a pin."

"Whose stores are they?" I asked.

"They call them Miss Nightingale's stores," she answered.

I never was in them, but I believe what she told me. All those I saw had water under them, and water over them, for it thawed that day, and the melted ice and snow came down through the roof. The linen, good and bad, as it had been mixed together, was all rotten. Mr. Bracebridge's little pony was there. It was his stable.

On Saturday morning I saw Mrs. Bracebridge, and said I wanted to speak to her.

I told her I wished to go home if I could not go the Crimea, for I saw I was of no use where I was. I said I had no work to do.

"Not yet," she answered, "there is no room."

I said, I understood there were from eleven to thirteen hundred men in the hospital, and that I should think there must be plenty of work to be done.

She said, "We must see what you are able to do."

"You'll never see that," I replied, "in my mending old shirts, and you may get me a ship as soon as you like. It's an imposition on the country,[1] and I'll go home and tell the country the reason why I return."

[1] This expression has been used by other labourers in Scutari Hospital, who knew that they were restrained from doing work which urgently required to be done there. The helpless lay unfed and famishing by day, the dying called in vain through their last weary nights for attentions, which ready hearts and skilful hands were longing to render. Surgeons asked for nurses and were refused, while nurses sat unemployed.

She then promised to speak to Miss Nightingale. I had as yet never seen Miss Nightingale.

On Monday, at noon, Miss Nightingale sent for me — after speaking very politely, and telling me to sit down, she said:

"I understand that you have been upsetting my nurses."

I said, "No, I have nothing to do with anybody but myself, but I want to go home if I can't go the Crimea."

She inquired "Why?"

I said, "Because I don't like this place, nor anybody in it, nor do I like the system."

"You don't like me, then?" she said.

"No, I don't," I said, "but I never saw you before."

"Before I go any further," said Miss Nightingale," I want to impress one thing particularly on your mind. If you do go to the Crimea, you go against my will."[1]

[1] This repugnance to sanction nurses in volun-

This she repeated over and over again, adding, "Another thing which I wish to impress upon your mind is, that, if you misbehave yourself, there will be no home for you here, and you will be sent straight to England from the Crimea."

This put up my Welsh blood, and I told her that neither man nor woman dared to accuse me of misbehaving myself. I had too much regard for my employers to do that, even if I had none for myself.

She informed me that she had made me over to a new superintendent, and I said (my Welsh blood being up again),

"Do you think I am a dog, or an animal, to make me over? I have a will of my own."

teering for the Crimea, is attested by many individuals besides Mrs. Davis. A dread of their escape from systematic control appears to have been its incentive; for objections founded upon the dread of dangerous insecurity in a hostile country, and excessive privation, must have vanished at Lord Raglan's application for eight women to assist the army surgeons at Balaclava.

I persevered in my intention of going to Balaclava, and she observed, "Well, Mrs. Davis, I can't let you go without some one to overlook you. If you do go," she added, joining her open hands sideways together, and then forcibly dividing them, and spreading out her arms by her sides, "I have done with you and your new superintendent *entirely*."

In spite of all this, she said she would get a ship as soon as she could, and thought it might possibly be ready to sail the next day.

After that, I assisted in making clothes for Mrs. Gibson, while I remained in constant expectation of setting off.

I was altogether ten days at Scutari. On Monday night, at ten o'clock, I saw Miss Nightingale, a second time. She was passing to the wards, carrying a little tin and a lantern, followed by her maid, whose name was Roberts;[1] I was then walking about a

[1] Mrs. Roberts acted as personal attendant to Miss Nightingale, but was a government servant. Mrs. Roberts was a professed and experienced nurse.

little for exercise before going to bed. Twice afterwards, about the same time of the night, or very near it, I saw Miss Nightingale again going her formal rounds.

Every day, during my stay at Scutari, I, and the other nurses, dined on the filaments of the meat, which had been stewed down all night long to make soup for the patients.[1]

Miss Nightingale had a French cook, and

[1] The author of 'Eastern Hospitals' says, (third edition, pp. 53—54) "We suffered greatly from want of proper food. Our diet consisted of the coarse, sour bread of the country, tea without milk, butter so rancid we could not touch it, and very bad meat and porter; and, at night, a glass of wine or brandy. It was an effort, even to those in health, to sit down to our meals; we forced the food down, as a duty; but some of the ladies became so weak and ill, they really could not touch it. For one, in particular, we tried to get a little milk, or an egg, but both these articles were scarce. A small quantity of both was regularly taken into Miss Nightingale's and Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge's rooms; but they were not furnished to the rest of the party. Occasionally, Miss Nightingale kindly sent some light dish from her own table to the sick ladies."

three courses of the best of every kind of food were served up everyday at her table for Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge, and her friends.

The 'free-gift' stores were said to be freely used there, but my informants believe that she knew very little about where things came from—even what were on her own table—or how other delicacies were disposed of.

SUPPLEMENT TO CHAPTER VI.

THE following remarks on the state of the Scutari Barrack Hospital, written early in December, 1855, by a diligent labourer in its wards, tend to corroborate Mrs. Davis's narration:—

"About the middle of January, 1855, I went to Scutari, and was employed under Miss Nightingale. My duty was to attend on the sick in the division of the hospital to which I was attached. A short time after I joined, the 'free gifts,' sent out by the British

public, began to pour in. At that time the Government Purveyors' Department was not in the efficient state it is now in. For a long time, everything that was required was furnished from the *Times'* Fund.

"When that fund was nearly exhausted, the system of making requisitions on the 'free gifts' came into force. An order was promulgated that nothing could be issued from the 'free-gift' stores without a requisition signed by two medical men. The medical men did not like to make requisitions on Miss Nightingale.

"There were several objections to the system. First, it made it appear that the government purveyor was not in a position to supply what was wanting; and next, it gave unnecessary trouble. For instance, if the surgeon in my division of the hospital wished a patient to be served with jelly, he gave me a requisition, and on presenting it to Miss Nightingale, she gave an order for its being supplied. The

surgeon intended, most likely, that the patient should continue to receive his jelly until further orders; but a second supply could not be got from Miss Nightingale's department, unless the requisition was repeated. The Staff-Surgeon, or Deputy Inspector General of Hospitals, had important duties to perform, and could not always be found to countersign a requisition. When most things could be obtained from the government purveyors, it was unlikely the surgeons would make requisitions on Miss Nightingale, unless it were for some luxury not procurable from the government store.

"The surgeons did not object to anything that contributed to the comfort of the sick being given from Miss Nightingale's stores of 'free gifts,' but they did object to making requisitions.

"The articles most needed by the men, at the time I refer to, were handkerchiefs. I have often torn up pieces of linen and calico,

into convenient sizes, and given them to the men. The quantity of 'free gifts' was enormous; they arrived in ship loads. A good deal was worthless—old rags—quite rotten—Miss Nightingale and Mrs. Bracebridge were sometimes bewildered at the quantity, and were put out when captains of transports came to deliver lists of packages they had brought. Some of the 'free gifts' used to be stowed away in No. 3 store, which was considered to be Miss Nightingale's private store. It contained books, fine shirts, and wearing apparel of superior quality; hot water comforters for the sick, tea, jams and jellies, spirits and cordials, preserved meats, soups, biscuits, &c. Miss Nightingale used to sit in the store and transact business, and write letters, when she wished to be alone.

"There was another store in C. corridor, which we called the 'Rev. Mother's Store,' because it was in charge of the superior of the nuns. It contained a great quantity of arti-

cles arranged in compartments, and ticketed. At first the reverend mother freely gave what was wanting out of her store, but subsequently she was more particular, having been commanded not to give anything without a requisition. She had in her store, preserved meats, soups, jams, arrowroot, vermicelli, feather pillows, mittens, comforters, flannel, woollens, &c.

"There was also a Queen's store, a general store-room, opposite the mainguard.

"Also a store on the ground-floor of Lady Alicia Blackwood's hospital, and another on the ground-floor of the wash-house. In the last-named places, the packages were merely placed under cover; but they were not protected in any way: there was no sentry placed over them. Soldiers and soldiers' wives, and children, passed freely in and out.

"My duties did not admit of my working at the stores. There were nurses who worked there regularly, opening the packages, and sorting and arranging the contents.

"The nurses used to have some of the eatables served out to them from the 'free gifts,' such as jams, herrings, sausages; but these things had often been kept until they were bad, before the nurses got them.

"The plum-puddings which the good people of England sent out for Christmas Day, were never distributed to the sick soldiers; but long after, when they were quite mouldy and spoiled, and had spoiled everything they were packed up with, they were placed on the nurses' table.

"I observed that in the hospitals they were using new linen for poultices; so I made it my business to let Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge know that it was desirable they should use old linen in preference to new. I then went to the reverend mother's store, and found Vickery, the orderly, at work, stowing away preserved meats. I asked, were any of the nuns there, for I wanted some old linen. Vickery said—'Here is a sheet I am going

to throw away.' Preserved meats had been wrapped up in it, and it was dirty. I took it to my own room, and used portions of it as I wanted them in the wards. This will show the freedom of action that existed. Miss Nightingale, of course, knew nothing of all this: indeed, I don't see how she could know, with all she undertook to do."

CHAPTER VII.

"Wafting glad tidings to the sick man's couch."
GRAHAM'S "SABBATH."

CRIMEAN EXPERIENCE OF HOSPITAL LIFE. PART I.

The Hospital Wards at Balaclava—The Extra Diet Kitchen at Balaclava under Miss Langston and Miss Shaw Stewart—Lord Raglan.

ON Friday morning Miss Langston, (also called the mother Eldress) who was our new superintendent; Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. Whitehead and myself left Scutari on board the *Melbourne*.

The other ladies and nurses for Balaclava, came from Therapia, and joined us at Constantinople, accompanied by Dr. Hanbury, a

surgeon. There were Mrs. Shaw Stewart, Miss Clough, Mrs. Noble and Mrs. Disney.

We arrived on Sunday, but did not disembark until Thursday after dinner, between two and three o'clock.[1]

We went to one of the Russian houses which was empty in the hospital, adjoining the surgery. Next day the superintendent and I went to visit the wards, and the sights I saw, I shall never forget as long as I live. I was there from half-past eight in the morning until twelve at night. On setting out, the superintendent told me that I was not to speak to the patients. When I got to No. 5 ward, poor fellows! "God bless your face!" they cried out. The first man I met with, I asked how

[1] The reader is referred to Appendix B. for an account of the condition of Balaclava Hospital at this period. It has been carefully compiled from official documents. The general hospital at Balaclava was established in September, 1854, on the British occupation of the town. It was attended by female nurses from January, 1855, to June, 1856, when the British forces were withdrawn from the Crimea.

he was. She scolded me for doing so, and repeated her order, that I should not speak to them.

I began to open some of their wounds. The first that I touched was a case of frost bite. The toes of both the man's feet fell off with the bandages.

The hand of another man fell off at the wrist. It was a fortnight, or from that to six weeks, since the wounds of many of those men had been looked at and dressed.

They had only two surgeons in attendance, Dr. White of the 8th Hussars; and Dr. Cross, of the 11th Hussars; Dr. Wilson of the 72nd, used to attend there occasionally.[1] There were, I suppose, from three to four hundred patients under their care, besides their respective regiments.

Dr. Hanbury came with us to assist them.

One soldier there had been wounded at Alma by a shot which passed through his left

[1] See Appendix "B."

breast, above the heart, and came out below the shoulder-blade. His wound had not been dressed for five weeks, and I took at least a quart of maggots from it.

From many of the other patients I removed them in handfuls. When the wounds were regularly attended to, these men soon got well. I do not believe that maggots ever occur in cases where the wounds are properly cleansed and dressed. I always consider their presence as a proof of neglect. In my experience, I have always found it so.

Not a man there had a bed. They lay upon bunks (tressels and boards), having one blanket under, and a blanket and rug over each patient. Their great-coats were their only pillows, and they had no sheets. The sick and the wounded were alike neglected, unclean, and covered with vermin.

That first day I only washed wounds, applied fresh poultices, and tried to relieve the poor creatures a little. That evening I inquired

for the ward-surgeon. They told me he was at No. 9, behind the Pack Stores. I found him there, and asked him if beds and bedding could be had.

He said that he did not know, and I must go to the purveyor.

I asked where he was.

The surgeon said that he was at the other side of the yard.

I left him, and inquired of some of the men, who pointed out the office.

I went there, and found the deputy-purveyor, Mr. Fitzgerald. I asked him about bedsteads and bedding for the hospital patients.

He told me that he had plenty.

I inquired whether I could have three hundred or four hundred sets by eight o'clock the next morning; and he said, "Yes, I could."

By that hour the next morning he had them all put ready for me. I immediately set the orderlies about washing, combing, and changing the clothes of the poor men—getting one

set of orderlies to help another all through the wards,[1] and thus having four at a time in each ward. Two men from the Government stores removed the bunks, set up the iron bedsteads, and spread the mattresses. I made the beds, with blankets, sheets, and pillows, all clean; and then the orderlies got the men into them.

I had all this done myself: the superintendent did not interfere. She just came and looked at what was going on. That was my Saturday's work, until twelve at night.

On Sunday, Mrs. Shaw Stewart, Mrs. Noble and I went to look after the wounded before we went to church. The superintendent saw us home, and then she returned to church.

[1] The 47th Regulation for the Management of Army Hospitals, declares that—"The duties of an orderly-man are to attend on the sick, administer their medicines, and comforts, keep their wards clean, and make himself generally useful." In the General Hospital at Balaclava, only two orderlies were then allowed to each ward.

In the afternoon, Lord Raglan and his staff came down from the camp. When he came in, the first words he said, before he spoke to any one else, were addressed to me: "I know you. Did not you live in Stanhope Street?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Then you know me?"

"Yes, my lord."

"The best woman I ever saw for getting up in the morning."

After having spoken with Mrs. Shaw Stewart, and Miss Clough, he remarked to me that he already saw the fruits of our arrival in the hospital. He talked a good deal.

I thought that as Miss Nightingale disclaimed us, it might be well to have such a powerful friend as Lord Raglan to apply to, in case of any danger or other emergency, so before he went away, I said to him,

"If you please, my lord, I wish to speak to you before you go away."

He said, "Well, what is it?"

"I want to put myself under your protection, and Dr. Hall's."

He asked why I wished to do that.

I said, "Because, my lord, we came here against Miss Nightingale's will."

He asked whether any of the others also wished it.

All the other nurses then present arose, and said the same.

The superintendent was still at church, while this was going on.

The Deputy Purveyor told me afterwards that Lord Raglan often said, "What a blessing it is that those women came!"

The superintendent, who was usually called Mother Eldress, apportioned the attendance among the nurses. While I was still in charge of the wards, by her desire and that of the doctors, I went to nurse Captain Johnson, who was ill of a fever at his own house. I watched him two days and two nights, and then Mrs. G—— was sent to succeed me. In

a few hours she was found insensible from intoxication on the floor in his room. Mrs. D—— succeeded her: she also drank to excess.

I had the charge of Wards Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7, for three weeks, under the superintendence of Mother Eldress.

After that time Mrs. Whitehead took charge of Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4, and I kept Nos. 5, 6 and 7. In No. 5 there were then 39 patients; in No. 6, 43; in No. 7, 45.

In Nos. 1 and 2 were 32 beds—16 in each; in No. 3, 17; in No. 4, 28. In the two huts there were 36 beds; in one marquee were 13, and in the other 10; and at this time also 49 of the orderlies lay sick in the three Russian houses.

The patients in the wards were placed so close together, that I could not put my foot straight down between their beds, and was obliged to pass sideways.[1]

[1] The 57th Regulation for the Management of Army Hospitals enjoins that—

About the middle of February, fever prevailed among the orderlies, and the Deputy Purveyor applied to Lord Raglan for new ones. We were four days without them, getting such help as we could from the Ambulance Corps, who were tipsy fellows, and ate and drank the supplies which they ought to have carried to the patients.

When I had been about six weeks in the wards, the cooking for the patients was so much neglected, that they were left two days running, without their dinners; then Mother Eldress asked me to come from the wards, and undertake the charge of the extra-diet kitchen.

Lord Raglan used often to stand and talk with me there. It distressed him to see the wounded men carried the long distance between

"In order to prevent the Hospital from being crowded, every man is to have a separate bed, with a space of five feet at least allotted to it, and of two feet between each bed; and if the apartment be less than ten feet high, a greater space is to be allowed."

the camp and Balaclava; and he always looked forward to having a hospital there in the front.

Upon the first Tuesday in March, Mother Eldress established me in the kitchen, and gave me the entire charge of it. She said she saw I should do well, and could trust me; therefore, as she had much writing and many other things to do, she should not often come there. That very day she was taken ill, so she never afterwards visited the kitchen. I used to report to her by word of mouth, every evening during the three weeks which she remained. Miss Erskine then came to fetch her back to Scutari, and Mrs. Bull, the nurse, went with her, when Miss Langston left for England.

Mrs. Shaw Stewart acted as superintendent when Mother Eldress left, and under her direction things began to work well in this place. She was just and firm, though arbitrary and odd now and then. She never spared herself,

but would work all day, and watch the sick at night. I think she was the only lady who went to the East in all respects really capable of a nurse's duties.

I do not undervalue the services of any of the ladies, but real, high-born gentlewomen are not accustomed to hard manual labour, and are not strong enough for it. In performing servile offices they put constraint upon themselves, and hurt the feelings of the men, who were acutely sensible of the unfitness of such work for persons of high station. Ladies may be fit to govern, but, for general service, persons of a different class, who could put their hands to anything, were more useful.

If ever anyone deserved well of her country, Mrs. Shaw Stewart did.

Often have I followed her out night after night in the dark, through the bad weather and along the worst roads possible, to visit the sick and wounded, and to carry lemonade and other drinks from our kitchen to the huts.

We used to set out at ten o'clock, and one night we got into a hole up to our waists in snow, and were not at home again until four o'clock in the morning. We both had Balaclava boots on. General Estcourt gave twelve pairs to the hospital, and they were used by such of the nurses as had most need of them.

About eight o'clock in the evening of the first Saturday in April, a Captain Clarke called, who commanded a ship. He stated that he had ninety bales and boxes, besides other packages on board, and that there was twenty pounds due for their freightage. They were Free Gifts from England, especially directed to Miss Nightingale, for the use of the army in the East. Miss Nightingale had refused to pay for them, and so he brought them on from Scutari to Balaclava.

Mrs. Shaw Stewart received them, and paid the twenty pounds out of her own pocket. They were landed on Monday. We did not

know where to put them, so that they stood out that night, and the next day we bundled them into our house, and into the extra-diet kitchen. Mr. Fitzgerald soon knocked up a little store for her to put some things in, and he gave Mrs. Shaw Stewart the key. He never grudged anything that would do good.

On Wednesday, Mrs. Shaw Stewart began to open the goods. She sent all the wine into the kitchen to me. She made the orderlies give in lists of the patients' wants through the nurses, and also went herself through the wards to ascertain them; and she not only gave out the things required through the nurses, but generally carried them in loads to the patients. Every man who needed, received two flannel shirts, two cotton shirts, two pairs of stockings, two pocket handkerchiefs, two pairs of drawers, a waistband or two, and a throat comforter.

I used to see the fatigue parties waiting

before Mr. Fitzgerald's door to be set to their work. Some of these men were without stockings; others had worn their flannel shirts for six weeks. I often asked them if they wanted anything, and told them to come to me when their day's labour was over at five o'clock. I then made out lists of their wants to Mrs. Shaw Stewart, and she gave the things for each man.

She was so kind in doing this, that, like a true Welshwoman, I determined to make the most of the opportunity, and told the men of the fatigue parties to inquire who wanted anything in the camp. They soon brought down lists, signed by their officers, and Mrs. Shaw Stewart gave me the clothes and other comforts to send back to their comrades. In this way two hundred shirts were sent to the 39th Regiment, alone. She used to be amused at my being so busy about distributing the things, and often laughed, knowing what I came for, when I knocked at her door.

The kits were always examined on the admittance of the patients, properly supplied with clothing, and given back to each man, when he recovered and was dismissed.

Mrs. Shaw Stewart and Mrs. Noble went out with the intention of going backwards and forwards in the ships between Balaclava and the other hospitals; having heard of the dreadful sufferings of the sick and wounded men, from neglect on the passage from the Crimea to Scutari. They altered their purpose merely because they found that they could be more useful in the hospitals. Mrs. Shaw Stewart never wished to be a superintendent.

Lord Raglan urgently wanted her assistance at the new hospital, which he had instituted at the Castle, for the reception of the wounded alone, and she, with Mrs. Noble, a nurse, went thither early in May.

By the day of her departure, all her clothing goods had been distributed, except a few, which taken together would scarcely have made

up a bale; and every single book had been given away. She left behind at Balaclava a large quantity of preserved fruit, and other useful stores, for which she had paid fifty pounds to Captain Wilson of the *Paramatta* on the last Saturday in April. She paid that sum out of her own pocket, and bought the things only for the benefit of the patients in the Balaclava Hospital.

Lord Raglan, General Estcourt, and Sir Richard Airey had all of them a high esteem for Mrs. Shaw Stewart. Miss Nightingale sent three nurses to the Castle to Mrs. Shaw Stewart; and two to Balaclava—Mrs. Sandhouse and Mrs. Lawfield. They were dissatisfied at being held back from their proper business at Scutari, and in one way or other got sent on to the Crimea.

Lord Raglan used to come down three times a-week to visit the Hospital, besides doing so on other occasions. He never failed to visit the kitchen, to see how we got on. He looked

at the arrowroot and the other food prepared for the men, and often told me in jest to send nothing out without plenty of brandy and wine in it, for he was sure the country grudged nothing to the soldiers.

All the surgeons who came from the camp visited the kitchen, approved of what I did, and wished they could have had me and the kitchen up there.

After Lord Raglan's death, I never saw a commander-in-chief at the hospital, nor any members of the staff sent from him.

The patients used frequently to ask me to pray with them, and I always gave them a few words of Scripture to think of.

It made me weep when I could not speak, to be understood, one religious word to the poor Maltese and Sardinians when they were dying.

The chaplain was the only clergyman of the Church of England, in the hospital. He was diligent, but there was more work than he could do.

Mr. Crozier succeeded Mr. Heywood at Balaclava. Mr. Parker was chaplain at the Castle Hospital. There were many Roman Catholic priests.

Before I left London, Mr. Phillips, of the Bible Society, gave me a dozen or two of Testaments—some of them Welsh and English, and others English. He told me, at the same time, that he was going to send out two bales of Bibles and Testaments to Balaclava, for the use of the soldiers.

I gave away the Welsh Testaments to Welshmen in the hospital, and the English ones to Englishmen. All were very glad to have them, and when they recovered and returned to the camp, many of their comrades there came or sent down to ask me for more. I had no more, and I often inquired for the two bales which had been promised, but never could hear of their arrival.

The chaplain of the hospital did not like the British and Foreign Bible Society, and

would not distribute their books; but I do not know that he ever received those bales. [1]

[1] The author of the tract on Kaiserswerth remarks, pp. 18, 19:

"One great reason which deters women of education from this work of love is, that, having seen the unutterable dulness of a common hospital, they say to themselves, 'If I am to have no moral or spiritual work to do, if I am only to sweep, and comb out dirty heads, and dress loathsome wounds, as I have no idea of buying heaven by such works, I may as well leave them to those who must earn their livelihood, and not take away their trade.' Let such as feel this go to Kaiserswerth, and see the delicacy, the cheerfulness, the grace, of Christian kindness, the moral atmosphere, in short, which may be diffused through a hospital by making it one of God's schools, where both patients and nurses come to learn of Him.

* * * *

"No one can seriously believe that Christian influence is not desirable in times of sickness, as well as a other times. It is the abuse of this influence, it is un-Christian influence which causes the fear and the jealousy we so often see. No one can seriously believe that the word let fall by the nurse, during a restless night, has not a better effect upon the suffering patient than the set visit of the chaplain. Educate, qualify the nurses to exercise this influence, to drop the word in

It is a melancholy fact that the Superintendent of the Female Nursing Staff did not recognize *any religious intercourse* between the nurses and patients. Whatever did take place was without her authority, and in most instances without her knowledge.

The principle of having nothing to do with their souls was avowed. That care was wholly left to the few chaplains and priests.

season, and this jealousy will fall away of itself." Ibid,—pp. 15, 16.

The "jealousy" appears to refer to the fear entertained by "many surgeons" lest their patients should be "excited by pious nurses."

At p. 17, some particulars are given of the system pursued by the pastor in instructing the nurses "how they are to approach the hearts of the patients, without assuming the tone of a father confessor, how they are to act in cases of emergency; and at all times they have access to him to ask his advice."

The author then illustrates by instances, "how ready these women become to seize the moment for making an impression on the hearts of their patients."

The instructions from the War Office accorded with this practical exposition of the system of non-interference.

Whatever comes from Govt. is almost always seen to be godless— NN. NN

CHAPTER VIII.

"Ponder not
The form of suffering; think of what succeeds."
CARY'S "DANTE."

CRIMEAN EXPERIENCE OF HOSPITAL LIFE. PART II.

Sleeping Accommodation—Daily Duties—An Inquisitive Visitor—Miss Nightingale's First Visit to Balaclava—Rejection of the New System—The Sardinian General.

MISS WEAR succeeded Mrs. Shaw Stewart as superintendent at Balaclava. She, too, was a good creature, and would have things to give to a poor fellow. After her arrival, she allotted the ward No. 6 to the use of officers only. Before this they generally stayed at

the regimental hospitals, and only a few were to be found among the privates in the hospital wards; afterwards, they were glad to come in.

I worked on well with Miss Wear. She was active at all hours, and would sometimes herself watch the sick six nights out of the seven; making no difference, but giving her care and attention to whoever was in the greatest need, whether officers or men. French, Sardinians, and Russians were nursed there as carefully as our own soldiers and civilians. Miss Wear went every morning through the wards, to see that the orderlies had put everything that was requisite within reach of the respective patients, and to add anything that she thought might be conducive to their comfort.

During the early part of my residence at Balaclava, I, and the five other nurses, slept in one room of the house adjoining the surgery. We had neither a table nor a chair between us—and we all of us ate and drank together

on the floor, in that one room. The adjoining one was occupied by the Mother Eldress, and Mrs. Shaw Stewart.

The rats were very troublesome. I have often been awakened by their climbing about the bed, and several times have found them coiled up fast asleep upon my shoulder.

Miss Wear was so much annoyed by the rats that she could not bear to remain in this house. Mr. Fitzgerald, therefore, had two huts built on the top of the hill, about forty yards from the General Hospital—one for Miss Wear, and the other for the nurses.

From the time of my removal from the wards, I used to sleep in the extra-diet kitchen, where the rats were as bad as in the former sleeping place; I think they came there to do their exercises.

This extra diet kitchen was a hut, but not a *wretched* one. After the partition had been taken away, and the part formerly used as a Protestant church was let nto the kitchen, I found it sufficiently spacious and comfortable.

The huts built on the hill were pitched and white-washed, and covered with tarpaulin. Unfortunately the roof of the extra-diet kitchen was not thus protected, and I had often, by day, to select a spot where I might find shelter from the rain, while giving out the rations. At night, I have frequently had to lay soaking, with the rain pouring down upon me; and the following morning have been obliged to dry my bed and bed-clothes out of doors in the sunshine on the rocks.

There was no oven in my kitchen.

Peter Frank, a Scotchman, who was an old pensioner, had charge of the General Hospital Kitchen. He had three orderlies and a cutter-up to assist him; they cooked for the patients who were on full diet, and for the hospital orderlies.

There was an oven in Peter Frank's kitchen, to which I could send things to be baked. When I had too many for this purpose, I used to send puddings, &c., to the large public oven,

kept by Mr. Primrose, the government contractor.

I had five braziers at work in my own kitchen every day while the cold weather lasted; and when hot weather came, I had them placed out of doors, and employed them there.

Lady Stratford De Redcliffe sent a stove with two ovens for my kitchen, but some of the flues and fittings were lost on the way, and the stove could not be put up for want of them. It lay about for a long time, and at last, Stevens, the ward-serjeant, took it up to the Monastery, to try what he could do with it in that building.

Lady Stratford De Redcliffe was always ready to befriend the soldiers, and to help the ladies and nurses in their efforts to serve them. I have a very great respect for her, and so have all who know what she did for the cause.

Among the patients was one named Hargrave, belonging to the Grenadier Guards,

He had lived in Lord M———'s service, as confectioner; and Lady M——— repeatedly sent him presents of mercery, needles and pins, and other useful things. He was grateful for the attention which I paid him while he was suffering from fever, and being an oven builder as well as a baker, he planned a stone oven for me, with the intention of building it in the very place where the Sisters of Mercy afterwards had one.

Hargrave exerted himself too soon in assisting Mr. Primrose, brought on a relapse of fever, and was sent to Scutari; so I never had the oven.

I did not like the painted tin drinking-cups which I found in use, for the sick men; and complained of them to Mr. Fitzgerald. He told me to send them and other old things to him by the orderlies. Fresh supplies were then given out of bright tin vessels, and new knives and forks. Each patient had a cup, a plate, a knife and fork, a large spoon

and a tea spoon. Six bright tin panikins with handles, were also allowed to each ward, for the patients to receive drink from in the night.

Every morning at eight o'clock I served the soldiers' breakfasts to the orderlies of the wards, and the officers' breakfast at nine.

At ten I gave out luncheon for the extra-diet patients, and at noon I served the dinners —dividing each man's portion separately, and delivering them all to the orderlies of the wards.

As soon as this was done, I prepared dinner for the officers, and then I followed the orderlies who carried it in, that I might feed the patients who could not lift their hands to their mouths.

At five, I got tea ready for them; and at seven or eight o'clock, according to their need, I sent the suppers in.

At ten at night, I gave out drinks and arrow-root for the bad cases. The doctors

used to come backwards and forwards with orderlies, from nine to eleven o'clock, ordering wine and other things to be given—perhaps every ten minutes, to some patients.

I never got to bed before twelve, and was generally out of it four or five times in the course of the night, to attend to the orderlies, before five o'clock in the morning. At that hour I always rose to go about my daily business.

Sometimes I took my turn in watching the sick all night,[1] and always did my daily duties, just the same as usual.

It was no time to save oneself when so many were suffering.

The patients, officers, gentlemen of the civil service, and all, used to call me "Mother," always behaved to me with respect, and

[1] At Scutari Hospital night nursing was formally prohibited. At Balaclava it was most beneficially practised by and under the superintendence of Miss Wear, although at an expense of strength which might have proved fatal to the devoted women, who voluntarily compensated by excessive personal exertions for the want of a sufficient number of labourers.

said that they were grateful to me. Many have told me since, that they owed their lives to the care I took of them.

I had an orderly to assist me in the kitchen until June—a quiet, useful man; he became very ill from the thick smoke and charcoal dust accumulating in his chest, and was obliged to go into the hospital, where he lay sick for a long time. I had afterwards two, one succeeding another, but they were idle, tipsy fellows, so I preferred going without such assistants, and did all the work myself. I generally called in two orderlies, or Araba men, from the yard, to lift the great pot for me.

Between dinner and tea, Miss Wear used to come to the kitchen and employ herself with whatever work was most needed. At that time we made the jellies for the patients, and prepared other things.

Fruit often arrived in ship-loads from Malta, and elsewhere; and Miss Wear and I had to sort it, to pick it, and to wash it all,

before it was fit to be distributed in the wards.

After the first start, I never found any difficulty in getting proper shirts, both cotton and flannel, for the patients. Socks and stockings were supplied abundantly, according to the wearer's choice. Every patient had two pocket-handkerchiefs, and hundreds remained in the Free Gift Store.

Three washing-stands belonged to each ward, excepting No. 7, which had only two. Every man who kept his bed had a separate washing-bason for himself.

Two round roller towels, and six separate hand towels, were delivered clean to each ward every week. No. 9, was, in my time, a pack store ward. From ninety to one hundred dozens of towels were washed for the hospital every week; and a pillow-case and pair of sheets were allowed for every patient.

When I received orders from the doctors, they never gave the name of the patient, but merely the number of his ward, and of his bed

in that ward. I was not ordered to get double-signed requisitions. Mrs. Shaw Stewart, or Miss Wear, wrote an order for such things as I required, and I took it to the serjeant in command of the stores, who sent them immediately; or, if they were delayed, I used to go and give his men a good scolding.

The medical officers gave the orderlies requisitions upon the kitchen for necessaries, which were in my keeping, and I supplied them at the proper times and seasons.

It was on one of the last days in March, that I first saw Mr. S———, who called himself Miss Nightingale's uncle. He was said to be connected with the London newspapers, and certainly appeared to come on purpose to spy about and pick up information.

I met him at the purveyor's office.

He asked me if I was one of the nurses.

I replied—"A Jack-of-all-trades, doing any work that was to be done."

He enquired whence I came.

"From the Principality," I answered.

"Where is that?"

"Oh, not here!"

I disliked the old gentleman directly I met him—I thought he looked like an old fox.

He asked my name. I said—"I'll tell you some of my letters—E. C—Y—R—; there, spell that; what do you make of it?"

The purveyor's clerk did not like him better than I did; for Mr. S—— was always prying into everybody's business.

On the following Tuesday, he came into my kitchen, exclaiming—

"Oh, you are here!"

"Oh, yes, I am here, there, and everywhere!" I replied.

The great pot was then on the fire, which required two men to lift it on and off. Mr. S—— walked towards it, and put out his hand to raise the lid of the pot. I asked if he wanted to put anything in.

"No," said he.

I told him to have the goodness, then, to leave it alone; but that if he wanted to have anything cooked, I would do it for him.

He professed a wish to know how we got on, that he might let the public know; then asked many frivolous questions of me about washing his linen.

I have read paragraphs in a London newspaper about Balaclava, which must, I think, have been written by him. He used to borrow horses and mules to carry him backwards and forwards to the camp; I believe never hired any, although he was reputed to be rich. He had two sons, who were also prying about. He was a little man, in a wig. He got Miss Wear to let him make a bed of the soldiers' coat-chest, to rest upon, after wearying himself with his rambles.

He went very often to and from Scutari. I think he was the means of first bringing Miss Nightingale to Balaclava.

There was a Mrs. Smith, who was housekeeper at Miss Nightingale's private residence at Scutari, and three other ladies, said to be cousins of Miss Nightingale, were also there. I do not know their relationship to Mr. S——, our 'Paul Pry.'

Nobody there liked this old man. He accused us of extravagance because we supplied the real wants of the patients, and all his reports of us were unfavourable.

I know that the lives of many poor fellows were saved by careful attention in feeding and nursing them night and day. Many must have died without proper attendance at night.

We thought, at Balaclava, that Mr. S—— was the means of inducing Miss Nightingale to come thither to establish her system, and to set up her authority beyond its former boundaries, which did not reach farther than Turkey.[1]

[1] On this subject we can quote Miss Nightingale's own statement.

"Miss Nightingale's superintendence, which commenced Novr., 4, 1854, the day of her arrival with her party of sisters and nurses, extended over the Female

Although Miss Wear was the superintendent, it was not with her, but with Mrs. Shaw Nursing Establishments of the barrack and general hospitals, at Scutari, of those at Koulali, and of five general hospitals in the Crimea. She resigned the management of Koulali in April, 1855, and the nursing establishment of the general hospital at Balaclava was not under her superintendence during the period between October 1855, and March 1856, See "State ments," printed by Harrison, 1857.

The extent of her superintendence does not appear o have been defined by government, until a short time before the hospitals closed.

"C. A. WINDHAM, Chief of the Staff.
Head-quarters, March 16.

"No. 1. It is notified, by the Secretary of State for War, that Miss Nightingale is recognized by Her Majesty's Government as the General Superintendent of the Female Nursing Establishment of the Military Hospitals of the Army. No Lady, or Sister, or Nurse is to be transferred from one hospital to another, or introduced into any hospital, without previous consultation with her. Her instructions, however, require her to have the approval of the principal medical officer in the exercise of the responsibility thus vested in her. The principal medical officer will communicate with Miss Nightingale upon all subjects connected with the Female Nursing Establishment, and will give his directions through that lady."—*The 'Times,' Tuesday, April* 1, 1856.

Stewart that Miss Nightingale communicated on the subject of her purposed visit to Balaclava.

In May Miss Nightingale first came to Balaclava. She continued on board the ship four or five days after her arrival, before she disembarked. On landing she went up at once to the camp, but returned to sleep on board at night.

That day Lord Raglan and his staff came to the kitchen, and talked with me as usual.

I said—"I understand, my Lord, that Miss Nightingale is gone up to the camp?"

"Thank God! I am very glad of it," he replied.

Colonel Somerset remarked—"You do not like her?"

I answered—"No; and I don't know what she wants here."

What pleased Lord Raglan was the arrival of more nurses, for they were badly wanted.

I did not see Miss Nightingale until the Friday after her landing. She went through the

hospital on that day with Miss Wear, and came to the kitchen where I was very busy, saying—

"How do you do, Mrs. Davis?"

I answered—"Very well, thank you," without raising my head from my work. In a minute or two I looked up and exclaimed—"Oh! Miss Nightingale!"

"What! did you not know me?"

"Yes, ma'am; but I should as soon have expected to see the Queen here, as you."

She afterwards went out of the kitchen. The next day I was told she had a violent quarrel with Mrs. D——, a tipsy nurse. On the same day, Miss Nightingale was taken ill, on board ship, and carried up, as a patient, to the Castle hospital.

Miss Nightingale objected to my cooking for the officers, and using government stores for them—she said they ought to find their own. However, I went on doing what I thought best, for they were then as much in need as the privates, although some of them were gentlemen of large fortune.[1]

[1] "In consequence of the absence of any provision

Lady Stratford De Redcliffe arrived, and was on board the *Caradoc*, with Lord Stratford De Redcliffe, and the Bishop of Gibraltar. They used to come to the kitchen to see what went on, and I sent soup for them up to the hut, which was called the church, where they took their luncheon. I told Lady Stratford De Redcliffe about Miss Nightingale disclaiming me and others for insisting on coming to the Crimea, and then following us, and looking upon us as subject to her. She said that she herself wished to retain me where I was, and that she considered Miss Nightingale to have no authority whatever at Balaclava.

Miss Nightingale called together a board of medical officers at the Castle Hospital, and

for sick and wounded officers in hospital, by the War Office Regulations, the cooking for their service in the Castle, and General Hospitals in the Crimea, was entirely done by the female staff; part also of the materials for their use being supplied from private sources. And by the express desire of the medical officer in charge, the superintendent drew for them, wine, bread, and meat under the head of Nurses." — *Miss Nightingale's "Statements." p.* 28.

herself took the chair when they assembled, although Dr. Hall was there. Her object was to propose her new system for the management of the hospitals in the Crimea; but Dr. Hall and Dr. Anderson refused to entertain it.

On the Saturday before Miss Nightingale left Balaclava, after this first visit, Mr. Bracebridge came to me in the kitchen, and said that he had settled with the other nurses, and was come to settle with me, and to pay me my wages, at ten shillings a-week, from Miss Nightingale. I declined to have anything to do with him, and told him that I was not under Miss Nightingale,[1] that I did not wish to receive my wages until I returned to England, and that rather than accept so low a rate as ten shillings a-week, which the most useless of the nurses could claim, I would go without them altogether.

[1] Mrs. Davis always thought that Miss Nightingale's authority was limited to Turkey, and supported that opinion by referring to the certificate. Appendix A.

He opened all the bales, of which Mrs. Shaw Stewart had paid the freight, before he could find linen fine enough for Miss Nightingale's use on her voyage to Scutari. He took out table cloths—one being an Indian damask, four yards long—sheets, pillow-cases, linen chemises, long nightgowns, fine towels, and stockings, of which some were of lambs' wool, and others of cotton.

Mrs. Bracebridge came from Scutari to fetch Miss Nightingale, who was still an invalid, and they returned together on board Lord Ward's yacht to Scutari.

On her return to Scutari, she sent Dr. Hadley and Dr. O'Connor to superintend all the hospitals in the Crimea. They tried her system, and it came into operation there on the 15th of July, 1855.

The pitiful quantity of three quarters of a pound of arrowroot, was sent to me as the allowance for the supper of eighty-three men: before it came, however, I had fortunately made preparations for that meal in my usual

way.[1] The next day I received a hundred and thirty-five screws—little paper parcels such as grocers put up—they contained rice, arrow-root, sago, sugar, and such things, and were sent to me from the stores under the new system adopted by the medical staff.

I arranged all the little packets on the table, and was going out to call Mr. Fitzgerald to come and look at them, when I saw Dr. Hall and two other gentlemen riding up the hill.

I asked him to come in. He did so, and his companions, Dr. Taylor and Dr. Hadley, who were then strangers to me, came in also. He inquired,

"Mrs. Davis, who has put your Welsh blood up to-day?"

I answered, "It would have been enough to put your Scotch blood up too, if you had been here."

[1] Compare this and the following passages with "Eastern Hospitals," 3rd edition, p. 313. "During the whole day *little bits of rice, and grains of sugar*, were continually arriving to be made into rice puddings; or scraps of arrowroot to be cooked, &c."

I showed him the "screws," and declared, as to this new plan, that I would not put up with it, and that I refused to obey such orders.

Dr. Taylor said it would never do, and Dr. Hall promised that things should be altered.

I was very angry, and said, "I wish I could but see that Hadley, I would give it him! A fellow come here to fatten himself upon what the poor men ought to have!"

Upon this, the three doctors burst out laughing—Dr. Hadley, a little spare man, being one of them, although at that time I did not know him by sight.

On the following Saturday, Sergeant Gamble, of the 23rd, ran and called to me, "Nurse, nurse, here is Dr. Hadley going up the yard."

"I asked, "Which?"

"That one on the grey horse."

The doctor turned to the surgery, and I said to him, "If you please, sir, is your name Hadley?"

"My name is Dr. Hadley."

"Beg your pardon, sir, for not entitling you."

I then asked about the allowance of wine. One extra bottle was ordered to be kept in hand for urgent cases; the rest of the wine, spirits, arrowroot, and other medical comforts, were to be kept with the stores; leaving me with nothing else to supply any call that might be made for it at night. I used formerly to have abundant supplies of all these things ready in the kitchen.

I said, "I understand I am to be placed under the superintendent of the medical staff?"

"Certainly," he replied.

"There are three of them," I remarked, "one between fifteen and sixteen years of age, one seventeen, and the other nineteen."

I knew their ages, for I had before asked the boys, and they had themselves told me.[1] I,

[1] Possibly the young surgeons might have understated their age on purpose to teaze Mrs. Davis, The ignorance of many inexperienced medical officers as to the properties of different kinds of nutriment,

therefore, refused to act under such inexperienced persons, and said I would rather go home than do so. I added—

"You will see whether I put up with such arrangements. I shall go to Miss Wear, and you shall know whether or not I procure the things which are required."

Miss Wear gave me a requisition—that is to say, a simple order on the store-keeper, signed by herself—and I had six dozen of port wine, six dozen of sherry, six dozen of brandy, a cask of rice, one of arrowroot, and one of sago, and a box of sugar. When I had seen these things put ready for me, noticing the doctor in the purveyor's office, I said to him—

"Now, doctor, this is your new shop. Stop here five minutes, and you will see it all going into the kitchen."

and of the quantities proper for particular cases, is mentioned by a friend of hers, one of the most efficient of the Female Nursing Staff—as causing much injury to the patients, and most lamentable waste in the consumption of provisions.

As I went out, I overheard Mr. Fitzgerald say to him—

"That woman would be cheap to the government at a thousand a-year."

Mr. E——, a clerk there, told me afterwards, that Dr. Hadley had answered—

"We must not let her go home just now. We must indulge her a little."

One day after that, I went into the purveyor's office, and saw Dr. Hall, and other medical officers, and joked with them about Dr. Hadley 'indulging' me.

From that time I went on in my old course, and got what I liked from the purveyor, for the bad cases. Dr. Hadley and I were afterwards very good friends.

I had all that were left of Mrs. Shaw Stewart's stores in charge, to give out at my own discretion. All the free gifts were disposed of in the same way, by the superintendent's orders, to the nurses, or else sent by the fatigue parties to the camp.

There was no deficiency in supplies from

Mr. Fitzgerald. He was always ready to furnish what was asked for from his stores; and when things were wanting there, he was diligent in buying them from the ships, or elsewhere. He was a good and kind-hearted man, and a clever, hardworking man, who did his duty well. He spoke several languages, and was thus enabled to talk to the different people, and to be very useful. When he showed the kitchen to visitors—which he often did—he used to remark—

"There is cleanliness, and no waste."

In one thing only I adopted the new system. I allowed the orderlies to procure the fowls which the doctors ordered, and to feather and truss them ready for cooking. Their doing so saved me trouble, and I was glad to be relieved from it, for there was much to be done in that kitchen at Balaclava.

The fowls were killed in the fowl-house yard, and brought ready feathered to the kitchen. I never but once saw a fowl that had been skinned. It was done by a new orderly, who was ignorant of his work.

As long as I remained at Balaclava, I cooked the fowls myself.

If provisions were brought in too late, whether fowls or anything else, I refused to cook them that day. This taught the orderlies to be punctual.

I always liked Dr. Hall. He would listen to reason.

Dr. ——— was the greatest simpleton I ever saw in a hospital, or anywhere else. He did not know what a diet roll was, and I have been three days together without receiving one from him.

I could speak only my native Welsh, and English, although I understood a few phrases in foreign languages.

Miss Wear spoke not only English, but also French and Italian. She was therefore highly valued in the hospital as an interpreter.

General Ansaldi arrived at the camp with the first division of the Sardinian army. He was a noble-looking old officer, more than seventy years of age.

As he was riding out on horseback one day, he was shot by a chance ball above the knee. The ball was extracted, and he was kept roughly nursed at the camp for ten days. He suffered dreadful pain, and consented at last to be brought down to the General Hospital.

Miss Wear had contrived to hang up white calico in the ward, so as to give to each bed the appearance of a little separate chamber.

The general was very ill, and Miss Wear and the doctors were very attentive to him. He had exerted himself too much, and striven against suffering until his strength quite failed. I used to visit him, and to feed him, for which he always tried to show that he felt obliged to me. He was a good man, and very gentle and polite in his manners.

In dressing and poulticing his wound, I noticed that the bone was touched, and, considering his age, and exhaustion, I feared that he could not get over it.

His aides-de-camp and friends sat up with

him the first two nights, and Miss Wear herself sat up with him through the third night.

The following morning she came to me, and said that since daybreak the general had slept for an hour, that he had less pain, and that she thought him a good deal better.

She asked me to come and see him, and I went. Three doctors were with him. The wound was uncovered, and they were looking at it.

I said to Dr. M———, "How is the general, now?"

As soon as the general heard my voice, he put his hand out, to shake hands with me.

Dr. M———, answering my question, said cheerfully,

"He is a great deal better."

I remarked softly, "I don't like the look of his face, it is too blue."

He seemed to be free from pain, and I saw by a glance at the wound that mortification had taken place.

It was then about eight o'clock, and I told

the doctors that I thought he would not live four hours.

He died at half-past eleven the same morning.

He was very much beloved by his own countrymen. The officers of his staff used constantly to come down from the camp to make inquiries after him. When they arrived that day and heard that he was gone, they cried as if they had lost their father. Many of them alighted, went in, looked at him, and kissed him.

Afterwards, they returned in form, with General La Marmora, and a guard of honour, to fetch away the corpse for burial. Miss Wear spoke with them in Italian, delivered up the dead general, and received the thanks of the Sardinians for the kindness and care which had been shown to him in the hospital.

SUPPLEMENT TO CHAPTER VIII.

THE writer having applied to Miss Wear, the late superintendent of nurses at Balaclava, for some particulars connected with Mrs. Davis's account of the Sardinian general, has been favoured, in return, with a letter which contains, among other things, the following interesting statement :—

"In May, cholera cases rapidly increased in our hospital. On the morning of the 24th, Captain Tossetti was brought to me. As it was too early for the authorities to be on duty, I had to take upon myself to receive him in the best manner I could. No officer having, as yet, been in hospital since I had

been at Balaclava, there was no place but the general wards. I hastily chose a corner in No. 6, had it cleared out, and prepared, with my own hands, a comfortable bed; added a little table, chair, clean towels, &c., &c., and thus my poor patient was quickly and comfortably lodged. The authorities quite approved of all I had done, and allowed me to put up table-cloths, &c., thus screening off the rest of the ward, and leaving a square corner, which took in a large window. This was the first beginning of the Officers' Ward in Balaclava Hospital.

"Captain Tossetti only lived thirty hours. I sat up through the night, as did also, by turns, two medical men. He was prepared for burial like the men, being sewn up in a blanket, and left in the dead-tent. The next morning, six or seven brother officers came to accompany the cart that took his remains to interment. I went with them to the tent, and lest there might be any mistake (for there

were many there), I had the blanket opened, and the Sardinians gazed on the face of their dead comrade in sadness. They thanked me very much, and I hurried away, sick at heart, not to give way to my own feelings, but to go to my trying daily work.

"The little corner in No. 6, was quietly occupied again, others came, and other little divisions were made. Ultimately the whole ward was given up to officers, being divided into six compartments. The next most painful death was that of Colonel de Rossi. He was brought to me on the evening of the 17th of June. Never can I forget the sad hours I passed by the bedside of this much loved and regretted officer. It was a moment of general excitement—every one who could be spared, or who could get an animal, was mounting to go and see the preparations for the next day's engagement. Colonel de Rossi's case was one of the most violent cholera I ever witnessed. He was lead colour, and the cramps so violent

that it was all his aides-de-camp, and another soldier could do to rub him. There was from the first no chance of saving him. The doctor of the ward remained all night—only reposing for an hour or two on a mattress in the church—and I never went to my hut until the following evening. In the night, I sent for the clergyman. My poor patient remained sensible to the last, spoke to me of his wife and mother, and appeared to die resigned. In the morning some Sardinians came into the ward, but did not approach the bed. I was considered rash in continuing to attend him, but, thank God, no fancy of danger ever came into my mind. He died between one and two p.m. I performed the last offices for him, and then returned to my work. The hospital, which had been almost deserted during the night, was now becoming a scene of great bustle. Many will remember the fatal 18th of June, 1855. I was worn out in body and mind, but there was no rest for

me. Poor Mr. Stowe came down from the camp that day, alas! to die.

* * * *

"I hope Davis is well. She is ever to be depended on, good, honest and devoted."

"May 14th, 1857."

CHAPTER IX.

"Here let us * *
Review the series of our lives, and taste
The melancholy joy of evils passed;
For he who much has suffered much will know,
And pleased remembrance builds delight on woe."

POPE'S "ODYSSEY," BOOK XV., p. 423.

CRIMEAN EXPERIENCE OF HOSPITAL LIFE. PART III.

Miss Nightingale's Second Visit to Balaclava—Failure of the Heroine's Health—Visit to Sebastopol—Departure from Balaclava—Supplement.

EARLY in October, Miss Nightingale came again to Balaclava. She and her maid,[1] who

[1] For an account of Mrs. Roberts, and a just en-

was always following like her shadow, slept at our hospital on the first night after their arrival. The very day she landed, she came to me in the kitchen, about eight o'clock. I always know the hour by remembering what I was doing at the time. She had just ordered me to shut both the doors, as she was going to place great confidence in me, when her maid came after her, and said—

"My dear lady, you must have something to eat. You have not eaten anything for the last three days."

Miss Nightingale said, "No; go and get your own supper. I will take a little arrow-root with Mrs. Davis."

The maid chose bread and cheese, with which I supplied her, offering her at the same time brandy and water, or wine and water. Beer was out of my department—of this I only

comium on her previous services, the reader is referred to a pamphlet, entitled, 'Facts concerning Hospital Nurses,' written by Mr. South, senior surgeon of St. Thomas's Hospital.

received sufficient for the nurses. She raised her hands in silent amazement at my having such things to offer, took what she required, and then went to their rooms.

Miss Nightingale had some arrowroot, which I made for her with port wine in it. She said that it was beautiful, and asked if I made it thus for the men. I told her that I did. She asked—

"Is it not too thick for them?"

I answered, "Not a bit."

When she had eaten it, she resumed the subject of the confidence which she was about to place in me, and requested me to fasten both the doors.

I said I could not do that from within; but that, if I shut them, it would do as well—no one being allowed to come in without knocking.

She said that I must not prejudice her nurses, and added—

"I want to know your opinion of them—I have sent the best here."

I answered—"You know more about them than I do."

She enquired—"Do you think the reports about them are true?"

"I have heard no reports; but all I can say is they are very fond of drinking; and if these are your best, your nurses are not good for much."

"Whose fault is it?" Miss Nightingale asked.

I replied, that I supposed drinking too much must be their own fault; and said—

"You know nothing about me. I don't want you to place confidence in me."

She said—"I have heard a great deal about you. About Mrs. D——, did you see anything wrong? She is one of my best nurses."

"I only wish you had never sent her here; and if you wish to know more, you must apply to Miss Wear."

She inquired about Mrs. L——. I said I

did not think she was a clever nurse. Then she asked—"What was the crime of Mrs. S——?"

I told her that I did not know of any crime she had committed, and again referred to Miss Wear, the superintendent, as I did not desire to prejudice her.

She next enquired how Mrs. W—— had broken her leg.

I said—"Mrs. W—— need not have done it: she was not sober."

Miss Nightingale checked me, saying—

"Mind what you say!"

I replied—"I know what I say, and I will stand to it. You had better not ask me questions, unless you wish to hear the truth."

On the following Saturday, Miss Nightingale again came to the kitchen to have a confidential conference with me. She asked if I had heard anything about the nurses at the Castle.[1]

[1] In the winter after the establishment of the Castle Hospital, two hospitals were set up at Karani, for the use of the Land Transport Corps. Female nurses

I said I did not doubt that if the walls could speak, they could tell tales. I knew things only from hearsay; by the men talking together about the surgeons and nurses.

Miss Nightingale afterwards sent Miss Wear to fetch me to confront Dr. J——, and to speak before him of what was going on at the Castle ruins. I denied having mentioned his name, or anyone else's, and declared that I knew only of what people did generally, and by report.

Dr. Hall having given orders to build the wooden hospital in front of the camp, Miss Nightingale came over this second time to establish her authority there.

She had a hut at the Castle,[1] and used to

were employed in them from March, 1856, until the end of June.

[1] This was the second in date of the Crimean hospitals. It was opened in April, 1855, and constantly attended by female nurses until June, 1856. In Guthrie's 'Tour through the Taurida,' p. 111, this place is described as follows:—

"On the mountain to the right, as you enter this

walk down to the General Hospital, to visit Miss Wear. She scarcely ever entered the wards—never, except on special occasions. One day she went there to see a French officer, who was a patient in No. 6.

She did not in any way interfere with me.

I learned from the orderlies that she did not visit the wards at the Castle Hospital, nor interfere with its arrangements. It was said that she spent her time chiefly in writing.

Miss Nightingale used sometimes to come to the extra-diet kitchen. Once she said that she wished to see the extras given out, and inquired the hour at which it was done.

I said—"At ten o'clock."

She stated her orders were that none should be given out at that hour.

port from the sea, you discover the ruins of a Genoese fort, the works of which, running all round the brow of the hill, seem to have been of such extent as to contain a small town within it. This out-work, or fortified wall, was once defended by twelve or thirteen turrets, three of which are much larger than the rest, more particularly one, which seems to have been a second fort of itself."

I told her that I did not attend to anybody's orders when I did what I knew was for the best, being acquainted with the wants of the poor men.

One day about twelve o'clock, which was the dinner time, Miss Nightingale and her maid came in from the Castle. I was busy sending out the extras for the patients on half diet.

I was irritated at being interrupted, and said, "You must please to walk out. I don't want petticoats here."

There were perhaps as many as thirty orderlies in the kitchen, and I was cutting up fowls and putting things ready for them to carry away.

Seeing the necessity of the case, she went away; and when the hurry was over, she came back again, and said, "You were in a bad humour, Mrs. Davis."

I denied it, for I did not consider just displeasure as bad humour.

She said, "I thought you were. You spoke very sharply."

I told her that I was very busy, and thought that she would not like to be there among the common men. So she went away again.

Miss Wear used to go up to the Monastery[1] once a-week to overlook what was going on there. A horse was provided for her, and she rode there and back. She was an excellent horse-woman.

Hearing that the great attack was to be made upon the Redan, and knowing that the camp itself would be the most suitable place for assisting the wounded men, Miss Wear and I offered our services to go up—but they were not accepted.

Dr. Fraser wished me to come, but Dr.

[1] This hospital, the third in the Crimea, was opened in June, 1855, and because of its elevated site and bracing air, was appropriated to Convalescent Patients. The old chapel and cells of St. George's Monastery were scooped in the native rock. In Guthrie's "Tour through the Taurida," made in the year 1798, published in 1802; this monastery is described as the pleasant abode of five Greek monks, who cultivated its garden as a partial means of subsistence.

Hall decided that I had better not quit the General Hospital at Balaclava until the new arrangements were completed.

Miss Wear waited for the arrival of the Sisters of Mercy from Koulali to succeed her at Balaclava, before she removed to the Monastery to undertake the office of superintendent there.

I can testify that during her stay at the General Hospital, soldiers and civilians, of all ranks and of all nations, were equally cared for, and nursed with unremitting attention, and impartial kindness.

Strong as I was, I overtasked my strength at last, for I got too little rest at night.

My health became very bad. The atmosphere of the hospital was unhealthy, and everybody saw that I had been working too hard. I suffered from diarrhœa and dysentery.

Dr. Hall was very anxious that I should have change of air, and he advised that I should be sent to Smyrna, Malta, or the

South of France; fearing that if I went to England I should not return from thence, and wanting me at the new hospital at the front.

He told Miss Nightingale that my health was failing; she came down, and proposed to send me to whichever of those places I might choose, and at her own expense.

Seeing that I was bent on returning to my own country, she gave me a week to consider the subject, hoping that I should change my mind. When this time had elapsed, she came again to learn my decision.

She inquired whether I had made up my mind to go to Smyrna, Malta, or the South of France.

I told her that I had made up my mind to go home, and nowhere else, for I thought I should not live long, and I did not like the idea of dying in a foreign land.

She desired me to promise to return to her when I got better.

I said that I would promise Dr. Hall

and Miss Wear, if I got better, to go to them.

She said, "You won't come to me then?"

I told her that if I lived to come back, I could not go to both, and I would go to Dr. Hall.

She then said that she would settle with me, and pay me my wages, adding, "Your wages are ten shillings a-week."

This was the lowest rate at which any nurse could be paid, under the agreement made with Mr. Sidney Herbert.

I said, "If I cannot have what I am entitled to, which is more than that, I will have none at all. I do not want money here, and I would rather wait and be paid in England,"

Miss Nightingale told me that no one could pay me but herself, and that I must go without the money if I did not take it then. At last she yielded, and said that she would make it up at the rate of eighteen shillings for two months, and the rest at ten shillings,

and that she would atone for that by giving me five pounds as a present.

I said I could earn more in England, and that the doctors could recommend me to the Government.

She said, that one word from her would have more effect with the Government than all that the doctors could say. She then promised to look out for a ship, in which I might have a passage to England.

I did not wish her to do so, and observed that Mr. Fitzgerald could find me a ship.

She then went away. She afterwards wrote to Miss Wear, and named a ship for me.

Miss Wear went to see it, and would not allow me to embark in it, for there were none on board but men.

I did not give up the charge of the Extra Diet Kitchen, until the day before I came away from Balaclava.[1] On the arrival of the

[1] In Guthrie's 'Tour,' Balaclava is mentioned (p. 109) as "the most unhealthy spot of all the Taurida."

Sisters of Mercy, I cooked for them. They afterwards had the possession of my kitchen; and, acting under the new system, to which I never would submit, they found the inconvenience and discomfort attending it.

Miss Nightingale had brought to Balaclava ten cart-loads of packages, which were taken to the storehouses, where the goods from the *Paramatta* had been stowed. All I ever saw were four bales. They were brought into my kitchen, for want of any other place of stowage, and Miss Wear requested me to let them come. The lower parts of the wrappers were rotten. I did not know what they contained,

The third volume of the Cambro Briton, pp. 332-5, contains a letter signed 'Geirion,' which treats of the Taurica Chersonesus as the Gwlâd yr Hâf, or Summer Land, from which the Cymry came to Britain, and assigns a Celtic origin to the word Balaclava, *i.e.*, 'Bala,' signifying an efflux or outlet; 'claf,' sick or ill, and 'a,' a termination, denoting collection or production. 'Geirion,' having met with Mrs. Guthrie's description, found there what appeared to him a confirmation of his previous conjecture.

until afterwards, when Mrs. Bridgman, the Superior of the Sisters of Mercy, came one day to examine them. The bottoms of the bales were placed uppermost, and were open from rottenness. She took out two new shirts, one of blue striped cotton, and one of brown calico, and unfolding them said, "Look here, nurse!"

They dropped in four pieces each, in the creases. Mrs. Bridgman, Sister Mary Chaucer, and myself turned up the bales and read the inscription on each. It was "Free Gifts. New Shirts."

The first bale was small, it contained eighty-seven; another contained ninety-nine; another ninety-seven, and the largest a hundred and two. They were all in the same state, and so far as we could see, were rotten throughout.

They were not injured at Balaclava, but appeared to have been brought in that state from Scutari. All the shirts were new, and some of them fine.

Mrs. Bridgman said while looking over them, "What a shame, and what a pity!"

One day before this, Miss Nightingale had come to the kitchen, and touching the bales with her parasol, asked me what they were.

I said, "You should know, I don't. They are not good for anything."

I spoke myself to Captain Heath, the harbour master, about my passage home. He told me that I should go in a first-class ship, for I deserved it.

My passage was taken on board the *Calcutta*. The Friday before she sailed, ill as I was, I went in an Irish car with some of my acquaintance, to see Sebastopol. On a steep and narrow part of the cliff, as we went up, we met a Sardinian waggon, heavily loaded, coming down. The road was not wide enough for the car and the waggon to pass each other properly, and the wheel caught and tore one of my feet; both were hanging over, and must

have been torn off, had not the waggoner suddenly whipped his horses, which started aside, and fell with the waggon and its load headlong over the cliff.

I walked about to see the ruins, notwithstanding my wounded foot, but it afterwards inflamed, and got very bad.

My friends wanted to detain me on account of it, and the doctors came about me like bees, trying to persuade me not to embark until the wound got better; but I was determined to go.

Miss Wear came with me on board, and charged the surgeons and nurses to take good care of me.

It was on the Saturday morning when I left Balaclava, that Mrs. Grundy came hastily down from Miss Nightingale, who was still at the Castle Hospital. Mrs. Grundy came with me on board, and stayed until after Miss Wear had gone on shore. She then said—

"Oh! Mrs. Davis, I have a parcel for you

from Miss Nightingale. I think it is money." She took a packet out of her pocket and gave it to me.

I opened it, and found, I think, £3 16s. in it, besides an order on Mr. Glyn's bank for £36 12s., leaving one week short unpaid for. There was also a memorandum, recommending me to the War Office for a gratuity of one year's pay, at eighteen shillings a week.

The *Calcutta* sailed from Balaclava, and brought me back an invalid to England.

When I was a little girl, attending the day and Sunday schools at Bala, Mr. Charles gave me a small Welsh Bible, as a reward for my attention to learning. That Bible has been my constant companion ever since, and has guided and kept me right through all my wanderings.

SUPPLEMENT TO CHAPER IX.

I MEANT to have ended my history with my return to England from the Crimea, but I have since made some discoveries connected with the British Army Hospitals, with which, I think, the public ought to be acquainted. I have mentioned in the eighteenth chapter, that I spent some days in the Barrack Hospital at Scutari, that I saw there nurses waiting in vain, like myself, for employment, while the wards and corridors were filled with grievously sick and wounded men; and that I also found there articles of clothing and use, and delicacies of diet, kept from the patients, who were the true owners, to their hurt, and rotting to waste, while the poor soldiers suffered from the want of them.

I heard at that time much more than my short stay allowed me to see of the miserable mismanagement going on in the hospital. Since I came back to England, I have often conversed with ladies, nurses, and patients from Scutari, and I have found the opinion I at first formed of the 'system which was pursued there, confirmed and strengthened.

While I was in the Crimea, working under Mrs. Shaw Stewart, and Miss Wear, in succession, the Free Gifts which reached Balaclava Hospital were distributed fairly and freely among the sick and needy. But, compared with the quantities sent out and received at Scutari, very few were delivered to us, and some of these were good for nothing from want of proper care and stowage.

It often troubles me to think how many poor soldiers might have been comforted by the clothes and food which were thrown away unfit for use.

I lately paid a visit to a friend of mine at Woolwich. I found that Government Stores and Free Gifts were selling there by wholesale. Crowds of Jews and dealers came from far and near to purchase them. Articles of clothing had been returned from the Crimea to Woolwich; and articles of food, such as flour, biscuits, cocoa, &c., to Deptford.

I went to a shop at Woolwich, and asked if they had goods on sale from the Crimea? The man answered, "Plenty."

He showed me various things, and I bought of him as curiosities several articles of wearing apparel, both linen and calico—the cast off clothing of rich people—from among the Free Gifts. I have also bought new clothes and handkerchiefs, which I knew to be Free Gifts.

I think the poor soldiers, or the widows and children of those who died in the war hospitals, ought to have the worth of all the valuable things which were sent out for their benefit, as they did not have the things themselves. I hope they will have it.

I know that large sales by auction of Free Gifts, consisting of cutlery, hosiery, mercery, eatables, wearing apparel, and blankets, are taking place in London. I have an auctioneer's placard, advertising goods as 'Direct from the Crimea;' and there are several shops, in obscure parts of the city, where such things are kept for sale, some by wholesale, and others by retail.

END OF THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

APPENDIX.

NOTICE.

In the decline of life and with broken health, the Heroine of this narrative is left unprovided for.

She is anxious to obtain employment in some public institution, and is still fully capable of executing any office of trust and vigilant inspection.

Benevolent readers who may wish to contribute to the comfort of her latter years, can pay in subscriptions for her, either to Mr. Murgatroyd, 18, Stafford Row, Pimlico; or to Mr. John Brown, 9, Hans Place, Sloane Street.

APPENDIX A.

TESTIMONIALS.

Miss Wear to Mrs. Davis (Elizabeth Cadwaladyr).

"General Hospital, Balaclava,

"3rd October, 1855.

"My Dear Mrs. Davis,

"Trusting it may be for the benefit of your valuable health, I consent to part with you, but your going away is a serious loss to me. I cannot hope to find any one who will do all you have done so long, so untiring, and often where all others equally ill would have remained in bed; for never, for one single day, during six months in this climate, and in the

pestilential air of this hospital did you desert your post: up early and late, and ever preparing comforts for between two and three hundred sick!

"Should it please God to restore you to sufficient health and strength, I should indeed be happy to have you again with me, and your position at the Monastery would not be so fatiguing as here. Do not fail to let me hear of you; and trusting you may have a safe journey, and be as well as I wish you,

"Believe me ever,

"Your sincere friend,

"MARGARET WEAR."

Miss Wear to the Hon. Mrs. Sidney Herbert.

"General Hospital, Balaclava,

"October 3, 1855.

"MADAM,

"May I hope you will forgive my recalling myself to your remembrance? In

doing which allow me to express my gratitude for having been recommended by you to this mission. However anxious I was to come out, I am now still more anxious to remain—so completely am I devoted to the undertaking, and grateful to you for having been the means of placing me here.

"I now take the liberty of strongly recommending to you the bearer, Mrs. Davis, who has acted as diet cook during my residence in this hospital. Nothing that can be said would be more than is justly due to this 'faithfulest of Her Majesty's Nurses,' this respectable and truly good woman, who has sacrificed her health, almost life, for the good of her suffering countrymen.

"I trust to your kindness to afford her the protection and patronage she so justly merits; and begging to apologize for these few lines,

"I remain, Madam,

"Your most obedient servant,

"M. WEAR."[1]

[1] On Mrs. Davis's personal delivery of this letter,

"I have much pleasure in recording my opinion of the extreme merits of Mrs. Davis. Since her arrival here in January, she has been in charge of the Extra Kitchen of the hospital. In winter, I have seen her up at six and seven o'clock in the morning; and at my departure from the hospital at night, at and after eleven o'clock, I have left her up and doing. Throughout the night her services were available—willing and cheerful on all occasions. In the heats of summer her services were equally extensive and unremitting, amidst fires and numerous calls. She was extensively trusted; and my most minute observation could only trace in her the utmost honesty and steadiness. Many a patient ap-

Mrs. Sidney Herbert returned it to her, saying—"Should I hear of anything likely to suit you, I will let you know."

Nothing has since been done for her, and she has not heard further.

preciated and thanked her kindness of disposition and heart, and in every particular she has proved herself to be of most excellent character. I cannot too highly speak of her, or recommend her to the favourable consideration of the authorities, now that she leaves for England, unable longer to continue her valuable services from ill-health, occasioned by her zealous and continuous application to business.

"DAVID FITZGERALD,
"Purveyor to the Forces,
"General Hospital, Balaklava.
"November 3, 1855."

"Mrs. Davis has been nurse, and in charge of the Extra Diet Kitchen, during the six months I have been in superintendence of the hospitals at Balaclava, and I cannot speak in too high terms of Mrs. Davis's universal good conduct, and her unremitting attention to the sick during this period. Mrs. Davis's health

having suffered of late—she goes home at her own request.

"HENRY HADLEY,

"Staff Surgeon,

"Principal Medical Officer of Balaclava.

"Balaclava, Nov. 3, 1855."

"War Department, Pall Mall,

"December 26, 1856.

"MRS. DAVIS,

"His Imperial Majesty, the Sultan, having been pleased to place at the disposal of her Majesty's government a sum of money for the benefit of the ladies and nurses, who served in the British hospitals on the Bosphorus, and in the Crimea, I am directed to inform you that the share of each paid nurse, entitled to participate in this gift, is £7 4s. 3d., and the general agent, Sir John Kirkland, has been directed to issue that sum to you accordingly.

"I am to add that the Secretary of State for War has much pleasure in conveying to you

the approbation of her Majesty's government, of the services you rendered to the soldiers of the British army, in our hospitals in the East.

"I am

"Your obedient servant,

"B. HAWES."

"Memorandum of agreement, made this 1st day of December, 1854, between Miss Nightingale on the one part, and Mrs. ——, of ——, on the other part:—

"Whereas the said Miss Nightingale, superintendent, has undertaken to provide female nurses for the sick and wounded of the British army serving in Turkey; and in carrying out this object, she has engaged to employ the said Mrs. ——, in the capacity of nurse, at a weekly salary, varying from ten to eighteen shillings, according to merit; and also to provide board and lodging; also to pay all expenses attendant upon the journeying to or from the present or any future hospital that

may be appointed for the accommodation of the sick and wounded of the said army; and to pay all expenses of return to this country, should sickness render it necessary for the said Mrs. —— to return, save and except such return shall be rendered necessary by the discharge of the said Mrs. —— for neglect of duty, immoral conduct, or intoxication, in which case the said Mrs. —— shall forfeit all claim upon Miss Nightingale from the period of such discharge. And the said Mrs. —— hereby agrees to devote her whole time and attention to the purposes aforesaid, under the directions, and to the satisfaction of the said superintendent, the whole of whose orders she undertakes to obey until discharged by the said superintendent.

[1] "(Signed) ——

"Witness, Elizabeth Herbert."

[1] The whole of the above document was in lithograph, excepting the date, signatures, and figures, which were written with pen and ink.

In the form of this agreement signed by Roman Catholics, a clause was inserted binding them not to speak on religious subjects, excepting with patients of their own peruasion. It was understood that professors of all creeds might be accepted for the work, but no other restriction was laid on Protestants, previous to quitting England, than "a general caution not to interfere with the faith of others."

Copy of the Nurses' Certificate.

"I hereby certify that Mrs. Davis has been appointed to act as nurse under the orders of the superintendent of female nurses for the British army hospitals in Turkey, under the control of the chief medical officer of the hospital at Scutari, or elsewere in the East.

"ANDREW SMITH, M.D., Director-General,
"Army and Ordnance,
"Medical Department."

OFFICIAL CIRCULAR.

To the Nurses about to join the Army Hospitals in the East.

It having been stated that the Nurses who have gone to the East, complained of being subject to hardships and rules of which they were not previously informed, and of having to do work different to what they expected, it has been thought desirable to state several points relating to their duties and position as Nurses, under the new and hitherto untried circumstances of female attendants in Military Hospitals, of which they must necessarily be ignorant.

In the selection of Nurses for this purpose the utmost pains were taken to secure such as would be competent for the service required, and who possessed testimonials of high principles and good character. It is a subject of

painful regret that in many instances these testimonials have not been borne out by the results.

1st.—It seems hardly necessary to state, that at the very outset, in the journey itself, there will be many trials, notwithstanding all the care taken for the comfort of the party. Those accustomed to travel can hardly realize the inevitable difficulties and annoyances of travelling with a large party—the crowded accommodation, the hurry and fatigue which must be borne, the different tempers and habits of a large band of strangers brought together suddenly, which will cause a constant and hourly demand for the exercise of mutual forbearance and self-denial, and cheerful and ready submission to orders, without which all will be confusion.

Undertaken and borne in the right spirit, on the other hand, the journey may become a bond of union amongst those who were previously unknown to one another, and who

then meet for the first time on a common mission.

2nd.—It must be remembered that although the object for which the Nurses are engaged is to nurse the soldiers in hospital, it is impossible to foresee from day to day what may be required from those who are to fulfil that duty in a Military Hospital in a foreign country.

It is therefore very important that none should undertake this duty who are not prepared and willing to perform every branch of work which lies within a woman's province, such as washing, sewing, cooking, housekeeping, house cleaning—all these have been in turn required from those who have already gone out, and may be again.

3rd.—In case of illness amongst the Nurses, it is hoped that the patient herself will endeavour to bear the inevitable privations and inconveniences to which she will be exposed, with patience and cheerfulness, and that her fellow-workers will consider it a part of their

duty as well as a pleasure, to give her every attention and assistance possible.

4th.—The rules of each Hospital will vary according to circumstances, of which none but the Authorities on the spot are fully informed; the Nurses must therefore bear in mind that such rules must be implicitly obeyed, whatever their own habits and judgment may be.

What may appear strict and unnecessary to them, is probably imposed in consequence of finding that a less rigid rule would not suffice for the maintenance of order and discipline. For instance, the Nurses are not allowed to leave their quarters for exercise, or even for their appointed work, unless two go together.

5th.—It has been the intention of Government throughout to include persons of all creeds in this labour of Mercy, and it is earnestly requested that all will endeavour to work together in Love, bearing one another's burdens, and so fulfilling the law of Christ.

In order that no difficulties should arise

respecting religious intercourse with the patients, the War Office has recently issued the following Instructions to Lord W. Paulett and other Commandants of the Hospitals in the East; to the effect—

"That no Protestant or Roman Catholic Chaplain should, in any way, directly or indirectly, interfere with the religious opinions of any person whatever belonging or professing to belong to a Church or Creed different from that of which the Chaplain, Protestant or Catholic, is an appointed minister.

"And that with regard to Protestant Ladies or Nurses attached to the Hospitals, it is to be a clear and well understood Rule, that they are in no case to be used as religious instructors or teachers by direction of any Protestant Chaplain, and that they are not to enter upon the discussion of religious subjects with any patients other than those of their own faith.

"With regard to the Roman Catholic Nuns,

or Sisters of Mercy, they are strictly to confine themselves also within the rule, which is laid down for their guidance by the proper authorities of their own Church, and to which they distinctly assented when nominated to the office, the duties of which they undertook.[1]

"Your lordship will accordingly make these rules generally known, with the clear understanding that any one holding an office in the Hospital who shall infringe them, must at once be suspended, and finally removed from their respective situations.

"Lord Panmure, however, trusts that no such painful duty will be imposed upon him, and that all parties will consider it a paramount duty to abstain from interfering with the religious faith or opinions of those of a

[1] "The greatest caution being necessary on all hands in the matter of religion, the Sisters of Mercy will hold themselves free to introduce such subjects only with patients of their own faith."—*Extract from the War Office Document. Signed by Dr. Grant, R. C. Bishop of Southwark, October*, 24, 1854.

different Church or Creed from their own. Unless, indeed, such a course is strictly observed, it is clear the Hospitals may become the scene of religious dissensions and animosities, not more injurious to the peace and welfare of the sick, than calculated to mar the efficacy of those works of mercy and charity so pre-eminently inculcated upon us by the common religion we profess."

In conclusion, all are intreated to remember the responsible position in which an Englishwoman going out to nurse her countrymen in a foreign country is placed.

On the one hand, by any misconduct, she brings discredit on her sex and countrywomen —on the other, by doing the work as unto God, with all her heart and mind and strength, she will be doing honour to her Queen and her country.

July, 1855.

In a letter addressed to —— ——

aud dated from the War Office, October 21st, 1854, Mr. Sidney Herbert said, alluding to the numerous ladies who had offered themselves to serve as nurses in the military hospitals:

"Nor even if capable in other respects would they always be ready to yield that implicit obedience to orders so necessary to the subordination of a military hospital." * *

"The government have come to the conclusion that the best mode of obviating these dangers and inconveniences would be to appoint some one person, on whose energy, experience and discretion they can rely, who should be the one authority to select, to superintend, and direct in the British General Hospitals in Turkey, a staff of female nurses, herself acting under the immediate orders of the medical authorities. Miss Nightingale, who has, I believe, greater practical experience of hospital administration than any other lady in this country, has, with a self-devotion for

which I have no words to express my gratitude, undertaken this noble but arduous work. She will act in the strictest subordination to the chief medical officer of the hospital; and the nurses who accompany, or who follow her, will, in the same manner, be placed completely under her authority, nor will any one be admitted as a hospital nurse except she have a certificate signed by the Director General of the Army Medical Department upon Miss Nightingale's recommendation, or that of some person deputed by her. I trust that all confusion will be avoided by this arrangement."

"Guardian," October 25th, 1854.

APPENDIX B.

"Immediately a place
Before his eyes appeared, sad, noisome, dark—
A lazar-house it seemed, wherein were laid
Numbers of all diseased; all maladies
Of ghostly spasm, or racking torture—qualms
Of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds—
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,
Intestine stone and ulcer—cholic pangs,
Demoniac phrenzy, moping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness—pining atrophy,
Marasmus and wide-wasting pestilence—
Dropsies and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums.
Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; Despair
Tended the sick, buisiest, from couch to couch;
And over them, triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delayed to strike, though oft invoked
With vows as their chief good and final hope."

"PARADISE LOST," BOOK xi., 477—93.

BALACLAVA HOSPITAL.

Observations on the State of Public Feeling during the Crimean War—Appointment of a Commission of Inquiry into the State of the Military Hospitals in the East—Depositions relative to the Sick and Wounded, and the Buildings—Accommodation and Supplies at the General Hospital, Balaclava.

IN order to enable the reader to realize the scenes and circumstances described in the

latter part of Elizabeth Davis's narration, as well as to estimate the difficulties of her position, and the importance of her services, it is necessary that some additional facts should be distinctly brought forward.

The regular and speedy communications established between Britain and many distant regions, the rapid transmission of intelligence from Turkey and the Crimea, and the activity of the public press in the home diffusion o foreign news, during the late Eastern war, tended constantly to keep alive the attention of the British public, and thus to secure more general and kindly sympathy for our soldiers, than was ever before manifested for any troops on foreign service.

The long preceding peace of Europe, the unbroken practice of industrious arts and quiet labours, the existence of a majority among the population to whom war was known only as an old tradition, or a distant rumour, caused surprise to mingle with compassion at the first

information which reached Britain of the occurrence of the sufferings inalienably incident to warlike operations. The aggravation of those sufferings, by the addition of needless privation, disease, anguish and death, soon wrought those kindly feelings into a furious storm of popular indignation against the most conspicuous persons whose incompetence had produced these disastrous results: but every attempt subsequently made to alleviate the miseries of our Crimean army was viewed with favour, and applauded with enthusiasm.

The appointment of Miss Nightingale to the superintendence of the volunteer gentlewomen and nurses going forth to be employed in the British hospitals in Turkey, was generally received as a pledge, that henceforth the comforts and consolations of home, would encompass there each sick and wounded soldier.

Meanwhile, a committee was appointed to investigate the affairs which had been ob-

viously misconducted in Turkey and in the Crimea, and to suggest fit remedies for existing evils. The Commisioners first named, were Dr. Alexander Cumming, M.D., Dr. Thomas Spencer, M.D., and Mr. P. Benson Maxwell.

On the death of Dr. Spencer, Mr. P. Sinclair Laing took his place, and assisted in the final preparation of the Report.

In the Report made by the Commissioners to the Duke of Newcastle, upon the condition and wants of the sick and wounded of the British army in the East, and their hospital accommodation and provision, from the invasion of the Crimea, Sept. 14, 1854, to the date of the Report, Feb. 23, 1855, the Commissioners divide the subject into four collateral parts.

The first relating to the means of transport, provision, and treatment, on the earliest occurrence of sickness or wounds.

The second, relating to the hospital accommodation, provision, and treatment in the field, and at Balaclava.

The third, relating to the same on board the transport ships, which conveyed the sick and wounded from the Crimea to Turkey; and the fourth, relating to the accommodation, provision and treatment in the established hospitals in Turkey.

We proceed to extract from this blue-book a short series of passages, which we have so arranged as to present a clear view of the condition of the patients of Balaclava Hospital, previous to, and immediately upon the arrival in the Crimea of female nurses from England.

It would have been easy to relate the painful narrative succinctly, but in a case of this kind the evidence in detail of eye-witnesses and agents is invaluable.

At page 118 of the appendix to this report, Dr. Marlow, surgeon to the 28th Regiment, after some preliminary observations, states :—

"I am inclined to enumerate, amongst the chief causes of disease—

"1. Inadequate shelter when off duty.

"2. Irregularity in the rationing.

"3. Want of sufficient clothing.

"4. Almost incessant duty, and consequent exposure. The last of the causes assigned is, as a matter of course, unavoidable, and may be at once dismissed. But with regard to the first, a few words may be said.

"The tents at present in possession of the regiment have nearly all been in use since April, and many of them are quite worn out, decayed, full of holes, and as pervious to water as a sieve. The men return from a fatiguing day's duty in the trenches, cold and wet through, and find the floor of the tent in which they have to sleep a mere puddle; until very lately, their single wet blanket answering for bed and bedding; they have now two.

Second, irregularity in the rationing. There have been days, both in this month and the preceding, and not a few on which a short allowance of biscuit and meat has been issued; occasionally there has been no sugar, and

latterly no rice at all. With respect to the coffee, it is given out in its green state. The fuel is next to be looked for by the men themselves, however tired they may be; means for roasting the coffee have then to be found, and the result is generally a compound, resembling so much charcoal and hot water, and about as nutritious. A few instances of undoubted scurvy have occurred; but the scorbutic diathesis is apparent in many of the men; and it is much to be wished that lime juice could be issued as a preservative measure, as on long sea voyages, before the disease has time to develope itself; not to mention the prejudicial influence such a state of the constitution would be likely to have in all cases of wounds and accidents.

Third, want of clothing. Until very lately the men were literally in rags, swarming with vermin, the boots, in many instances, useless, and the so-called great coat, threadbare. After the chief burst of the

sickness had occurred, a supply of warm clothing was distributed. But the field hospital soon became so crowded (our means of transport being a mere cipher), that the assistance of the French ambulance was solicited, by the aid of which this great accumulation of disease, filth, and misery was handed over to the medical department at Balaclava in hundreds. It would thus seem, that while the causes of disease would appear to have received scarcely sufficient attention, the efforts of the medieal officers to remedy the evil have neither been supported, nor at all times justly appreciated."

The preceding deposition describes the manner in which sickness was produced, and suffering increased, and the state and circumstances under which sick and wounded soldiers were consigned to the hospital at Balaclava.

The following paragraphs describe the buildings and accessories of that institution in the words of the Commissioners.

"The General Hospital at Balaclava was formerly the village school, and consists of two parallel ranges of buildings about forty feet apart, situated on the side of a hill, the building which was the school dormitory being on the higher level. There are two smaller buildings, one roofless, and both in bad repair, at right angles to these, but not connected with either, one of which is allotted to the medical officers for their quarters, and for the purveyor's stores, while the other is occupied as a pack store. The school-rooms, three in number, are in good repair, with the exception that a few panes of glass were broken when we visited it. The rooms are heated by stoves of Russian construction.

"Two of these rooms are 29 feet 9 inches long, by 27 feet 5 inches, and 14 feet 5 inches high; the third is 28 feet 8 inches long, by 21 feet 9 inches broad, and 14 feet 5 inches high. The school dormitory consists of four rooms, measuring each 33 feet 3 inches, by 19 feet, and 10 feet in height.

"The kitchen has three coppers, two of which are used for soup, and one for the preparation of extras and tea. The flues are carried round the coppers, by which means a saving of fuel is effected. Over the coppers is a cupola, which collects the steam, and transmits it through three openings into the chimney.

"The smell from the drains is offensive, and has been, according to Dr. Anderson, the cause of fever and bowel complaints among several surgeons who lived in the immediate vicinity. The pack store was roofless, unprotected against depredation, and in great confusion.

"Two marquees stood in front of the hospital, and four wooden huts, each measuring 28 feet 2 inches, by 16 feet 2 inches, were in course of erection near them, while we were at Balaclava, the first three weeks in January.

"The whole number of patients, therefore, which, in our opinion, the hospital at Bala-

clava could properly accommodate, is 110. This hospital has been used not merely for the treatment of the sick, but also for the reception—frequently for a single night—of sick and wounded men, on their arrival from the camp at too late an hour for embarkation."—Report of the Duke of Newcastle's Commissioners, February 23, 1855, page 14.

"When the sick and wounded are carried from the camp to Balaclava, they are either admitted into the hospital in that place, or they are embarked on board vessels for Scutari."—Report of February 23, 1855, page 14.

Under examination by the Commissioners, January 14th, 1854, Mr. Jenner, purveyor of Balaclava, deposed:

"I have reported the want of glazing of the windows and the drainage * * to the engineer in charge here. I told him I had glass, but required labour. He wanted putty, which I could not procure, and the windows have not been mended. I reported

to the Commanding Officer, Royal Engineers of the British Army in the Crimea, through Dr. Hall, that the whole of the roof was out of repair, and the drainage. Nothing has been done."—Appendix, p. 338.

Under examination by the Commissioners, January 10th, 1855, Dr. Anderson, the principal Medical Officer at Balaclava, said:

"The hospital at Balaclava is not large enough for the number of patients I have. The building is in very indifferent repair; one wing is roofless. The roof of the rest is very defective. The windows are, in many cases, totally deficient of glass. I have reported it to Dr. Hall. It is unsuited for the treatment of sick. The smell of the drains is very offensive."—Appendix, p. 336.

On the 14th of January, 1854, Mr. Jenner the purveyor at Balaclava, stated:

"When I first got here, I kept my stores on board the *John Masterman*. The ships which brought me goods usually delivered

them on board of her. They were slow about it. On one occasion, the *Medway* sailed away after having disembarked a part only of my stores. She came back afterwards and delivered the rest. I have always received by post an invoice of goods sent from Scutari, but never of goods which have come from England. I do not know whether the things which I have then got without invoice were intended for me or not; perhaps they were destined for the authorities at Scutari, and were brought on; but by Dr. Hall's directions I have taken possession of all hospital stores I could find. I got goods in this way from the *Medway* only, and the boards and tressels on board the *Manilla*.

I boarded the *Pedestrian* when she arrived about a fortnight ago, and asked the captain if he had any stores for me. He said he did not know, as he had not any invoice of the goods on board, and that he intended disembarking everything on the shore, and let the owners claim them. I make it a practice to go

on board any vessels of whose arrival I hear, as often as I can, but I have no boat, and find the greatest difficulty in doing this."—Appendix, p. 338.

"Till 11th October," says Mr. Jenner, in his deposition, "no diet rolls were kept. I fed all the patients in the hospital down to that time, on the verbal order of Dr. Hall, without any vouchers. Since then, diet rolls have been kept, but so incorrect, that I doubt if correct stoppage accounts can be made out. In some cases, the same man is entered on different days as belonging to different regiments. No morning *states* were furnished to me until January 1st, and these are so incorrect, that I can do nothing with them."—Appendix, p. 339.

"According to the ordinary practice, when a regimental surgeon is in want of medicines and medical comforts, he applies to the principal medical officer of his division for a supply. This officer, if he approves of the

requisition, countersigns it, and the required articles are issued by the apothecary, or the purveyor's clerk in charge of the stores attached to the division. When the stock of medicines and medical comforts in these stores began to fail, the regimental surgeons endeavoured to get their wants supplied by the apothecary and purveyor at Balaklava, where the principal stores in the Crimea are kept. The practice entailed upon these latter gentlemen a great addition to their ordinary labours, and upon the surgeons the inconvenience of sending several miles for their supplies. This inconvenience became gradually aggravated in proportion as it became frequent, and its frequency became more and more necessary as the quantities that were dealt out at a time to them, in answer to their requisitions, became smaller. The practice, under such circumstances, of requiring the countersignature of the medical officer in charge of divisions, operated very vexatiously."—Report of Feb. 23, 1855, pp. 11—12.

"From the evidence of Dr. Hall, Dr. Anderson, Messrs. Jenner, Kersey and Fernandes, it would seem that the want of medicines, medical comforts, and of several articles of hospital furniture, was attributable partly to tardy and imperfect compliance with orders and requisitions on Scutari, and partly to the difficulty of ascertaining on board what vessels stores were laden, and of landing those stores when such information was attained.

The imperfect state in which we found Smith's and Clarke's stretchers, in the camp, was stated by Dr. Hall to have been owing to the fact that different portions of them were shipped on board different vessels. The frames, it would seem, arrived at Balaclava by the *Jura* last November, while the legs were sent by the *Robert Lowe*, which did not reach that harbour until the end of December."—Ibid, p. 12.

"By an oversight, no candles were included among the stores brought to the Crimea.

Lamps and wicks were brought, but not oil. These omissions were not supplied until after possession had been taken of Balaclava, and the purveyer had an opportunity of purchasing candles and oil from the shipping, and the dealers in the town."—Report of February 23rd, 1855, p. 9.

The Commissioners state:—

"We found a great want of bedsteads, stretchers, and every other means of raising the men above the ground. Even of the small supply of Smith's and Clarke's stretchers at the disposal of the surgeons, only a portion was used, owing partly to the insufficient number of marquees and tents available for hospital purposes, and partly to the incompleteness of the stretchers, many of which were without legs and without the transverse bars which keep them stretched."—Ibid, p. 10.

With respect to the medical attendance given to this hospital from the time of its being opened, September 27th, 1854, to the

time of the Commissioners' visit, the Report states merely their failure in ascertaining the number, and disingenuously avoids the declaration of the fact that it was utterly inadequate to the patients' requirements.

The following depositions complete the miserable picture of Balaclava Hospital.

Under examination by the Commissioners, at Scutari, February 20, 1855, Mr. Tucker, purveyor of the Barrack Hospital there, stated :—

"I think Miss Nightingale came into the office not a week ago. She stated there was a great want of shirts at Balaclava—that she had heard not a patient in hospital had a shirt, and asked if we were sending any of these stores to the front. I said that rested with Mr. Wreford, that I had no information that any were required. She asked whether shirts could be sent. I asked what number. She said that 4,000 would be required altogether. I said that I understood Mr. Wre-

ford was making arrangements to send things to Balaclava. She went on to say that she would send some shirts herself, and a small quantity of barley."—Appendix, page 343.

At the same time and place Mr. Wreford testifies:—

"I met Miss Nightingale the day before yesterday. She asked me if I had flannel shirts; I said I had. I had 1,000 five or six days ago. She made no demand for any; she observed that if I had them, she would not issue any."—Appendix, page 344.

On the 20th of February, 1855, Miss Nightingale deposed before the commissioners at Scutari:—

"The men who come from the Crimea are in such a state of filth, that the shirts have to be cut off from them; and when they leave the hospital they are allowed to take away their shirts on their backs. I could not refuse it."—Appendix, page 342.

The Commissioners say—

"The loss of their kits, which had been made so frequently the subject of complaint to us at Scutari, appears one of the chief causes of the vermin, which was, if not general, at all events not uncommon among them. This loss arose principally from their having, in obedience to orders to that effect, left their packs on board the vessels which transported them to the Crimea, and from their having being unable to recover them afterwards."—Report of February 23, 1855, page 12.

A growing confidence of victory was shown about the time when Mrs. Davis reached Therapia, in the wish expressed by Lord Raglan to retain the sick and wounded in the Crimea, and to have female nurses sent to assist in taking care of them. All circumstances, excepting the adverse chances of war, favoured the establishment of hospitals near the scene of action; and as the fear of failure wore away, sufferers were saved in greater numbers from the agony and risk of removal,

until, at last, the hospitals of Turkey received but a few casual patients, and the hospitals of the Crimea became the principal receptacles of the sick and wounded.

APPENDIX C.

"Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thine hand to do it."

PROV. iii. 27.

Remarks on the System of Administration in the War Hospitals of the Crimean Army.

THE recital of Mrs. Davis's experience in the four last chapters of her Autobiography tends to show the ill effects of the system of counter-signed requisitions when brought to bear upon the British War Hospitals of the Crimean Army. It touches also upon some other particulars concerning the discipline and employment of the female nursing corps, which may assist considerate minds in forming distinct opinions of past occurrences, and in eliciting

principles for the future guidance of benevolent enterprizes.

A pamphlet, which has lately been issued to the donors of free gifts, written either by Miss Nightingale herself, or by her authority, supplies the means of offering here the fairest and clearest view of her system of administration.

In writing a commentary upon it, the adoption of a reviewer's style will best suit the subject and prevent the appearance of invidious personal criticism.

The writer is unacquainted with Miss Nightingale, but shares the feeling of the country in honouring superior natural endowments, and mental acquirements, wherever they may be found, and more especially when dedicated to the public service.

"Statements exhibiting the voluntary contributions, received by Miss Nightingale, for the use of the British War Hospitals in the East. With their mode of distribution in 1854, 1855, 1856."

"London, printed by Harrison and Sons, St. Martin's Lane, W. C., 1857."

Miss Nightingale and her coadjutors have won for themselves the gratitude of their country, and honourable renown in the history of their time.

Far be it from us to detract from the merit of their noble self-devotion, or to take a narrow view of the results of their labours.

But we must recollect the importance of collecting the ripe fruits of experience for the use of future war hospitals.

Acknowledging, freely and fully, the good that has been done under the superintendent of the female nursing establishment, we must not refuse to examine the question, "Whether the adopted method of administration really produced the largest amount of benefit which could possibly be conferred by the means at its command?"

We have carefully pursued this inquiry through the Blue Book, containing the Com-

missioners Report and Appendix of February 23rd, 1855; the Parliamentary Returns on Scutari and other Hospitals, of August 1st, 1855; the public newspapers, various pamphlets, several volumes of published records, and various unpublished documents and letters concerning the British War Hospitals of the Bosphorus and the Crimea. We have conversed often and freely with many persons who shared the arduous toils and painful sufferings of the period. We have conscientiously endeavoured to attain to a just and impartial view of well attested facts; and have made ourselves acquainted with the ordinary arrangements of British hospitals, both civil and military.

Bringing this previous preparation to bear upon the pamphlet now before us, we proceed to examine its contents.

Five pages of introduction define the object of the remaining sixty-eight to be—"Simply to render to those who committed to the

charge of Miss Nightingale their contributions, in kind or in money, for the use of the sick and wounded in the war hospitals of the East, a concise account of the mode in which such contributions have been applied."

The introduction also contains her acknowledgment of the effective assistance rendered by her fellow-labourers, of the co-operation of the medical officers, and of the sanction and support which she uniformly received from the war department, and from the military authorities, in carrrying out her plans.

The 'Report,' included in the 'Statements,' says, at page 19, that—

"Miss Nightingale had been placed by the government in two positions of trust, each quite independent of the other. She had been appointed Superintendent of the nursing establishment, and she further had received authority as Almoner of the 'free gifts,' to apply them, or any other funds derived from private sources, in the war hospitals."

An extract from a War-office document, at page 10, shows that Miss Nightingale, as 'Almoner of the free gifts,' was only "subject to the opinion of the Inspector-general and the Commandant." It does not appear that these personages ever interfered, *unless in compliance with her own request.*

The combination of these two important trusts of Superintendent and Almoner brought upon their possessor such numerous, various, and complex duties, that nothing but a most comprehensive capacity for business, a most exact division of subjects, a choice of subordinate agents capable of carrying on affairs 'currently and constantly,' a confiding delegation of executive power, and ever-vigilant supervision, could possibly ensure their successful administration.

In the first page of this 'Report,' the following paragraph occurs :—

"Although the army had been encamped at Scutari in the month of May, 1854, no office

for the reception and delivery of packages for its use, was established at Constantinople or Scutari until the end of March, 1855."

After detailing the 'delay, difficulty, and confusion' consequent upon this omission, and upon the manner in which some of the packages were addressed, Miss Nightingale's 'Report' says (page 10)—"These circumstances will sufficiently account for the non-arrival at her hands, and consequent non-appearance in the annexed schedules, of a large amount of the donations, which were possibly destined for her distribution by the senders."

"In the spring of 1855," says the same Report (p. 10), "the late Major Campbell (then Deputy-assistant Quarter-master-general at Scutari) assigned a distinct building close to the Main Guard or Barrack Hospital Gate, for the reception of the contributions *in kind*, which were called the free gifts. Two small stores in the interior of the hospital were also attached to the Sisters' Quarters for the same purpose."

The first great benefactor of the suffering army, was Mr. Macdonald, the administrator of 'the *Times* Fund.' In the destitution of all things, and the despair incident to the loss of the *Prince*, and the stores with which that ship was laden, Mr. Macdonald supplied Miss Nightingale with the necessary articles of nutriment, clothing, and hospital accommodation from the middle of Nov., 1854, until the 1st of January, 1855. The 1100 wounded men from Inkerman were thereby saved from perishing for want. This was the period at Scutari when need was most general, most appalling, and most urgent; and the fact of its relief by the intermediation of Miss Nightingale has set the halo round her head.

We are informed by the Blue Book of the Duke of Newcastle's Commissioners, that Mr. Macdonald, the almoner of the *Times*, "had not, like Miss Nightingale, inquired of the purveyors before sending his donations to their destination, whether the goods were in store

or expected."—P. 35 of their Report, Feb. 23, 1855.

At pages 18 and 19, Miss Nightingale explains the plan on which she issued a 'small proportion' of the free gift stores on her own responsibility, including allowances to invalids and convalescents on leaving the hospital, additions to the extra diets of the patients, restoratives to the sick and wounded on their arrival, and supplies entrusted "according to their own requisition, to the female superintendents, who were (always at the desire of the principal medical officers) stationed at the various hospitals." These ladies were desired to issue the stores upon requisition, and under similar restrictions to those which Miss Nightingale imposed upon herself.

At page 26 in the two last paragraphs of a note, we are told that, "she (Miss Nightingale) exacted, and she rendered adherence to rules to a large extent, and she strictly reverted to them when any emergency, during which at

the instance of authorities she had departed from them, had ceased. A position, such as hers, necessarily exposes the holder to attacks from different quarters, upon opposite grounds. While previously existing authorities are disposed to complain of all novel expenditure as lavish, and tending to the relaxation of discipline by over indulgence; others, who feel themselves checked or restrained by regulations in the distribution of comforts according to their ideas of benevolence, will naturally object to the obstruction, in their view unnecessarily interposed, to the current of public liberality. While the experience of all who have conducted the operations of any extensive charity proves that the application of the ordinary axioms of business is the only road to success, it also sufficiently shows that such application is surely attended by no small measure of unpopularity."

Schedule A. presents a list of articles of hospital furniture, supplied to the Scutari

hospitals from Nov. 10, 1854, to July 1st, 1856, by Miss Nightingale, on requisition.

Pages 54-59 are occupied with lists of supplies furnished on requisition by Miss Nightingale to the "War Hospitals of the East, the Dépôt at Scutari, and various corps in the Crimea."

If the numbers of patients officially registered as admitted and dismissed during that period are considered, and if the testimony of eye-witnesses to the actual condition of those patients is believed, the supplies entered in these tables will appear to fall far short of what their need required.

Lists of pecuniary subscribers, collections, and contributors, and an account of the assistance given to the wives, widows, and children of soldiers, occupy the last pages of the pamphlet; but the proportion borne by the donations either to the almoner's receipts, or to the hospital distribution, must remain for ever indeterminate.

A section of this report opens at page 61 under the head of "Distribution of Free Gifts," with the following paragraph:

"The instructions issued by the government to Miss Nightingale contained a provision that neither she nor her nurses should interfere in any way with the medical treatment of the patients, or with the general discipline of the hospitals. On her arrival at Scutari, the following alternatives were open to her:—

1.—The requisition system. The rule of a military hospital is that nothing shall be supplied but in compliance with a written requisition signed by one, and in most cases by two medical officers, and made upon the medical store-keeper, or the purveyor, to be forwarded, in the latter case, in certain instances to the commissariat, the engineer, or the barrack master respectively.

2. To act partly on the requisition system, and partly on personal discretion; or

3. To be guided solely by personal discretion in the distribution of the free gifts.

That there are partial advantages in the two last alternatives is evident, but they are open to these objections:—

1. The abrogation of the ordinary rule of military hospitals.

2. The impossibility of preventing irregular issues, or at least of disproving the charge, unless by the system of official requisition.

3. The unfitness of a large proportion of the women, who efficiently discharge the duty of nurses, to be the judges of the wants of soldiers, and distributors of the supplies to them; and farther the abuse which some would undoubtedly make of the power. To those to whom the charge of dishonesty would not apply, religious partiality either would, or what in matters of this kind, is only less mischievous, would be believed to apply. These objections are, if possible, still stronger to giving patients other food than that ordered by the medical officers. It is needless to state to any sensible person, even without hospital

experience, the manifold dangers of issuing to nurses, whether ladies, sisters or nurses, stores, or facilities for procuring stores, to be distributed at their own discretion through the wards.

Therefore, from the first, Miss Nightingale issued the free gifts, or the various stores entrusted to her distribution, solely upon the requisition of the medical officers, excepting a small proportion, the responsibility of which rested with herself."

With reference to what is here termed Miss Nightingale's first alternative, it is necessary to remark that the rule laid down for the general guidance of military hospitals, is really less stringent than this statement represents it to be.

The "Regulations for the Management of Army Hospitals at home and abroad," are ushered in by a paragraph which closes with the following emphatic words:

"Though framed principally with a view to

home service, (they) should be also observed on foreign service *whenever it may be practicable.*"

This virtually implies the admission that occasions might occur in which their observance would be impracticable.

In a case of this kind, the terms injurious, inexpedient, and impracticable ought to be equivalent.

In fact, the Regulations, like the medical formulary annexed to them, while discouraging needless deviations, are not intended to preclude the adoption of such measures as may be called for by emergencies.

Let it be remembered, that in the hospitals of the Bosphorus and of the Crimea, the Regulations were openly and constantly violated with regard to the proportionate number of orderlies in attendance upon the patients, the space allotted to each bed in the wards, and in other important particulars.

If the plea of necessity is admitted as a

sufficient apology for those violations of military rule which lessen the comforts of the patients, its application cannot consistently be denied to such variations as were pronounced by competent judges, and proved by experience, to be replete with benefits.

The Report of the Duke of Newcastle's Commissioners, Feby. 23, 1855, distinctly recommends the abolition of requisitions, and the substitution of receipts as vouchers.

Nevertheless, although the 'rule' was avowedly flexible — although the Commissioners officially announced their opinion, "that the practice of issuing on requisition is vicious" — the Superintendent of nurses, Almoner of the free gifts, rejecting the option of acting solely upon personal discretion, and the middle course of a qualified system of requisitions, deliberately determined, in defiance of an order of the medical board, to persevere in adherence to the strict military rule of doubly-signed requisitions.

The grounds which she assigns for this choice, simply show the self-protective principle of rigid observance, in securing regular issues of supplies, and their due acknowledgment.

It is always right to preserve the means of proving our own integrity, but we think that the Almoner of the free gifts erred in making this the first object of her administration. It ought, undoubtedly, to have been secondary and subservient to the stedfast purpose of doing the greatest possible good with the means entrusted to her distribution.

This avowed warp in the intention, accounts for many lamentable facts. But we have yet to consider more particularly a part of those grounds which formed the basis of her official conduct. The alleged unfitness, dishonesty, and religious partiality of the subordinate members of the nursing staff (§3), and their inability "to be judges of the wants of the soldiers, and distributors of the supplies to

them," involves matter for careful consideration.

To all sane persons, however silly they may be, the perception of want suggests the need of supply. It is obvious that any "women who efficiently discharge the duties of nurses," must be capable of judging that, if a wretched sufferer has no shirt, he needs one; and that if he is obliged to lie naked in his bed while that one shirt is washed, he needs another; that the beverage suddenly asked for at midnight by a dying person, must be given at once, or never.

Information derived from eye-witnesses, numerous, and unconnected with each other, convinces us that the enforcement of the rule of requisitions produced in the ladies and nurses a conflict between their feelings of natural duty and of formal restriction, and ended in general and conscientious disobedience.

Ladies and nurses of thorough and long-

proved integrity, declare that, in the sight of urgent want on the one side, and of open bales of undistributed free gifts upon the other, they did infringe upon the Almoner's exclusive privilege; that they did supply the naked with clothing, and the dying with the refreshment they desired. The strictness of the 'rule' ensured its practical abrogation.

A detailed account of the miseries incident to its exact observance, may be found in 'Eastern Hospitals, 3rd edition, papes 44-45, and pages 52-53.

Those instances show that even the most kind and strenuous efforts of the medical officers, could not prevent the dreadful evils attendant upon the rule of counter-signed requisitions in the General Hospital at Scutari.

The author of the account of the Institution of Kaiserswerth (Hookham, New Bond Street) satirizes, at page 14 of that pamphlet, 'regulations made without experience.' How much

more worthy of censure are regulations maintained in defiance of experience!

In the words which Lord Stanley of Alderley used at Manchester, in January, 1856, we can say of such a 'system'—

"It is not rules, not forms, not paper checks, or guarantees, that make an enterprize prosper; it is the living, unfettered human energy."—See the *Times* of January 18, 1856.

Nevertheless, we believe that the modified adoption of the regulations in use at Guy's Hospital, or those of any similar establishment, might have been better than the 'system;' for in them the principle of trust, in well-chosen agents of graduated ranks, forms the basis of every course of action.

The author of the 'Statements' says:—

"[1] It is to be remembered that the employment of women in army hospitals is recent; that many experienced and able surgeons are opposed to it; [2] that among these some are

honestly, and some unscrupously prone to find objections to it, and to exaggerate mischiefs arising from it; that the surgeon can, to a considerable extent, allow the nurse to be useful, or force her to be comparatively useless in his wards; [3] that the war hospitals are a bad field for investing the nurse with power and offices which she never exercises in civil hospitals, of the system of which she is an established part, recognized as indispensable. On these grounds, as strict an adherence to existing rules as was possible appeared to be the only course."

[1] With reference to the first part of this paragraph, we must remark that the occasional employment of women in army hospitals long preceded the establishment of the female nursing staff at Scutari. Mr. Sidney Herbert, then Secretary at War, in his letter to Miss Nightingale, dated October 15, 1854, seems, nevertheless, to be ignorant of the clause which authorizes their admission under special circumstances.

The 43rd Regulation for the Management of Army Hospitals at home and abroad, is as follows:—

"Besides the hospital sergeant borne upon the establishment of each regiment of cavalry and battalion of infantry, orderly-men are to be employed, according to the number and wants of the sick. For a number not exceeding 10, one orderly-man, and for any greater number an additional orderly for every 10 patients. A nurse shall not be employed in lieu of an orderly, except under special circumstances, nor unless with the previous sanction of the Secretary at War; but if a nurse be allowed, a soldier's wife, of sober, careful, cleanly, and active habits should be selected; and when not otherwise occupied, she is to wash and mend the hospital bedding and towels, if this be not done by the barrack department."

[2] The allusion to the medical officers in the same paragraph, ought to be explained by some of those who held authority at Scutari.

Judging merely from the evidence afforded by the books, ladies, and nurses which we have met with, this charge would appear to be unfounded.

We certainly know that surgeons frequently applied for the assistance of nurses, and that their applications were refused.

We also know that the Superintendent of nurses set not always an example of submission to medical authority.

For instance, Miss Nightingale states, February 20th, 1855, at Scutari :—

"With regard to the wine, I used to issue arrowroot without wine, even after the medical officers made requisitions on me, and I insisted on the men putting into it the port which they got from the purveyor. I did not issue the wine until the medical officers said the port was so bad."—Appendix (p. 343) to the Report of the Duke of Newcastle's Commissioners.

With regard to the powers and offices to be

exercised by nurses in Army Hospitals, we consider that the distrust which prevented a judicious delegation of the powers, and proper appointments to the offices, produced myriads of evils and prevented much good.

The inorganic form, or disorganized condition of Scutari Hospital may be inferred from the fact that in the list of hospital servants appended to the printed forms of the "Monthly Returns of the Sick," the order of gradation is

"Serjeant

"Nurse

"Orderlies."

While neither the nominal system nor practical deviations from it, placed the nurses in command of the orderlies.

We are told that

"The whole number of nurses who left England for the service of the military hospital in the Crimea, and the Bosphorus, under Miss Nightingale, was 125; viz:—

1st party	38
2nd „	47
3rd „	8
4th „	7
5th „	4
At different times	7
	111
From the establishment at Smyrna	3
From that of officers' nurses	2
From that of Koulali	9
	125 "

Happily for the patients, there were among the volunteers some women of strict principle, possessing sufficient judgment and energy to shape their several courses, and to work out their own notions of duty. Force of character won for them the confidence of the medical officers, and thus their opportunities of usefulness were increased. To such women, and among them to Elizabeth Cadwaladyr (Davis), the gratitude of their country is due for ever. She did, as the direction paper of one of our metropolitan hospitals expresses it, " assist in

promoting, by every means in her power, the well-being of the patients."

Others who remained comparatively useless, or were sent home as inefficient or disgraced, might, under a different system, have achieved praiseworthy deeds. Many a structure which alone would totter and fall, stands safe and useful as one among others.

The nuns have been praised as the most useful labourers in the war hospitals. Their superiority appears to have consisted simply in their combination and subjection to established control among themselves. As individual labourers, some Protestant nurses could not be surpassed.

A project originating in the purest and most zealous benevolence was marred from the first by injudicious accessories. Equality was proclaimed among labourers, whose only possibility of combined usefulness lay in the most exact subordination.

In the midst of attempted conformity to

military rule, its essential elements, graduated rank, and deputed authority, were cast aside. The female army was allowed to have only a field-marshal, colonels, and privates.

An expression in Mr. Sidney Herbert's letter of October 15, 1854, suggests the idea that the superintendent of female nurses was, from her very first appointment, shackled by her own resolutions and by his friendly injunctions, and thus involved in a predetermined and prescribed course, within which she subsequently framed her own little codes and corollaries, and from which she punctiliously dreaded to deviate. Circumstances compelled deviations, and 'the system' was practically reduced to a series of inconsistencies, even by its framer and expositor, while skilful and diligent labourers dreaded only its prohibitory force.

We know that it is easy to find fault, and easy to judge, when a whole case lies before us, of details which came out day by day with

most puzzling complexity; but the faculty of skilful adaptation to circumstances belongs to capacity for governing. We can easily imagine that in the midst of her overwhelming occupations and responsibilities, the Superintendent of the Female Nursing Establishment might have felt that to give up her system would be like leaving hold of a rope in shipwreck. We sympathize with the weakness of the woman, but we deplore the incapacity of the public functionary.

We are conscious of no bias, no partiality, no prejudice. Our investigations have fairly led to the conviction that the method of administration did not produce the largest amount of benefit which ought to have been communicated by the means at its command; and that the Barrack Hospital at Scutari continued to present the greatest amount of least alleviated misery of any war-hospital belonging to the British Army of the East.

POSTCRIPT.

"Yet History has her doubts, and every age
With sceptic queries marks the passing page;
Records of old, nor later dates are clear,
Too distant those, and these are placed too near!"
CRABBE'S "LIBRARY."

IN foot-notes throughout the work, much illustrative matter has been brought to bear upon various points of Cadwaladyr's history.

While the Autobiography has been passing through the press, some additional information has been gleaned from the wide fields of the Heroine's adventures, and this is garnered in the present chapter.

In the seventh chapter of the first volume

of this Autobiography, pp. 150—8, she narrates several particulars of her mistress's proceedings which may appear to many persons highly improbable.

Parallels may, however, be readily found. Mrs. S——'s fast-day habitude was not singular, nor local, nor has it become obsolete.

Individuals are now living who avowedly deem it "foolish to fast and inconvenience oneself, when merely saying a benediction over the meat and fancying it to be fish does just as well!"

The Trinidad transaction, and more especially the pecuniary part of it, receives elucidation from "La Semaine Religieuse," T. 7, No. 172, which contains the address and instructions of MM. les Vicaires Généraux Capitulaires, administrant le diocèse de Paris, le siège vacant, au clergé et aux fidèles du diocèse, for the proper observation of Lent.

The following quotations from this high authority will suffice:—

" Après en avoir conféré avec nos vénérables confrères les chanoines et chapitre de l'église de Paris, nous avons ordonné et ordonnons ce qui suit :

" ART. 1. Nous permettons l'usage des œufs pendant tout le Carême, à l'exception des trois derniers jours de la Semaine-Sainte. Nous permettons l'usage de la viande les Dimanche, Lundi, Mardi, et Jeudi de chaque semaine, depuis le Jeudi après le Cendres, jusqu'au Mardi de la Semaine-Sainte inclusivement. Cette dispense ne s'applique pour ceux qui sont tenus au jeûne, qu'au principal repas, le Dimanche excepté. A la collation, nous continuons à autoriser l'usage du lait et du beurre, a l'exception du Mercredi des Cendres et du Vendredi-Saint ; cette permission s'étend à tous les jours de jeûne de l'année.

" Les personnes infirmes qui auraient besoin de dispenses plus étendues pourront, comme les années précédentes, s'adresser à leurs curés respectifs ou à leur confesseurs, que nous

autorisons à cet effet. Celles qui vivent dans les communautés, colléges, ou hospices, s'adresseront aux supérieurs, aux premiers aumôniers ou chapelains investis du même pouvoir.

" ART. 2. Toutes les personnes qui profitent de la dispense de l'abstinence, doivent, selon leurs facultés, faire en faveur des pauvres une aumône, qu'elles remettront à MM. les curés. Moitié de cette aumône sera versée au secrétariat de l'archevêché, pour être appliquée aux écoles chrétiennes libres, fondées dans l'intérêt des pauvres des paroisses. La dispense n'est accordée qu'à cette condition. Une autre aumône est due également par tous ceux qui profitent de l'autorisation de faire usage du lait et du beurre à la collation. Cette aumône sera distincte de la première. Elle sera consacrée aux besoins généraux du diocèse.

" MM. les curés devront séparer l'aumône destinée aux pauvres de celle qui sera appliquée aux besoins généraux du diocèse, et qui sera remise au secrétariat de l'archevêché.

"ART. 3. Nous accordons pour la prèsente année, comme pour les années précédentes, en égard à la difficulté des temps, la dispense de l'abstinence pour le jour de Saint Marc et les trois jours des Rogations. Les fidèles seront exhortés à compenser cet adoucissement de la discipline par quelques bonnes œuvres et quelques aumônes.

"ART. 4. Pour l'exercise de dévotion en l'honneur de la Passion de Notre-Seigneur Jésus-Christ et de la Compassion de la sainte Vierge, on se conformera à ce qui a été prescrit les autres années. (1.) Nous invitons tous les fidèles à assister à ce pieux exercice, soit à Notre-Dame, soit dans les églises de leurs paroisses respectives, soit dans les chapelles des différentes maisons où il est autorisé. Nous leur rappelons que, par divers rescrits des souverains-pontifes, Léon XII. et Grégoire XVI., des indulgences sont accordées à tous ceux qui, remplissant les conditions prescrites, pratiqueront dans les susdites églises et chapelles, la dévotion que nous venons d'indiquer.

"ART. 5. Tous les Dimanches du Carême et le Dimanche de Quasimodo, il sera fait dans l'église métropolitaine, à une heure après midi, une conférence sur les vérités fondamentales de la religion. Elle sera précédée d'une messe basse.

"ART. 6. Le temps fixé pour la communion pascale commencera le Dimanche de la passion et finira le second Dimanche de la Quinquagésime; publié et affiché partout où besoin sera.

"Donné à Paris, sous notre seing, le sceau du Chapitre, et le contre-seing du Secrétaire-général de l'Archevêché, le 19 Février, 1857.

"L. BUQUET, Vicaire-général capitulaire, Archidiacre de Notre-Dame;

"A. SURAT, Vicaire-général capitulaire, Archidiacre de Sainte-Geneviève; G. DARBOY, Vicaire-général capitulaire, Archidiacre de Saint-Denis.

"Par mandement de MM. les Vicaires-capitulaires, E. J. LAGARDE, Chan. Hon. Secret. Gén. de l'Archevêché."

A note appended to Art. 3 makes the matter still plainer. It says :

"Ces conditions sont, pour gagner l'indulgence plénière, l'assistance à l'exercice, la confession et la communion faites avec les dispositions convenables. Pour gagner une indulgence de 300 jours, il suffira qu'étant contrits de cœur, les fidèles suivent l'exercice, et récitent cinq Pater et cinq Ave, avec cinq Gloria Patri, en mémoire de la Passion de Notre-Seigneur. Cette même indulgence sera gagnée, aux même conditions, par ceux qui ne pourraient se rendre à l'église, ou chapelle, s'ils en ont été empêchés pour cause d'infirmitié, ou quelque autre raison légitime. L'indulgence plénière et l'indulgence de 300 jours sont applicables, par manière de suffrage, aux âmes du purgatoire.

"L'une et l'autre peuvent être gagnées à l'église metropolitaine par tous les fidèles indistinctement, mais elles ne peuvent être gagnées dans chacune des paroisses que par

les fidèles de ces mêmes paroisses, et dans chacune des communautés ecclésiastiques et religieuses, et dans les maisons d'éducation, que par les personnes qui en font partie."

A tangible, and, in one sense of the word, a *venerable* monument of similar practices may be seen in the south-west tower of Rouen cathedral, built A.D. 1485—1507, with money paid for indulgences to eat butter in Lent, and still known as the Tour de Beurre.

In the eighth chapter of the first volume, and in the first chapter of the second volume, of the present work, Elizabeth Davis mentions her visit to 'Mr. Cartwright, the magistrate' at Liverpool, in Australia.

The *Sydney Morning Herald* of Tuesday, December 23, 1856, contains an obituary notice, derived from the Goulburn papers of the preceding Saturday, relating to this gentleman—the Rev. R. Cartwright, senior chaplain of the diocese. It will be seen that

place and time both agree with her narration.

"This aged minister of Christ expired at his residence in Goulburn, on Sunday last. We cannot permit him to depart from among us without a reference to his long ministerial services in this colony, in which he had faithfully pursued his vocation for upwards of forty-six years. He was born in Shropshire, in the year 1771, of a highly respectable family, his mother being of the Powys Castle family, and connected with the leading families of that aristocratic county, viz., those of Lord Hill, the Earl of Denbigh, &c. After dedicating some time to mercantile pursuits, and visiting Constantinople, in company with his brother (who was British consul at Algiers), he returned to England through Wallachia, the very scene where the late war broke out. After this he seems to have turned his attention to the ministry, having become deeply impressed with the necessity of a change of life, and a thorough dedication of his heart to

God. For this purpose he became a student of St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford, but did not continue long enough to graduate. After leaving the University he was ordained curate of Bradford, in Yorkshire, where he was eminently popular and beloved, as can be testified by one person residing at this moment near Goulburn, who heard him preach his last sermon in that town—an event much to be remembered when we look back nearly fifty years, and contemplate the missionary taking leave of a beloved congregation, to undergo the perils of an Australian voyage. A hymn was expressly composed for the occasion, a copy of which now lies before us.

Hymn sung at Bradford Church, April 16th, 1809, the last time the Rev. Robert Cartwright preached, before he went as Chaplain to the Colony at New South Wales.

With all Thy power, O Lord, defend
Him whom we now to thee commend;
Our faithful minister secure,
And make him to the end endure.

Gird him with all-sufficient grace;
Give to his footsteps paths of peace;
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil;
Preserve him, Lord, from every ill.

Before his face protection send;
O love him, save him to the end;
Nor let him as Thy pilgrim rove,
Without the convoy of Thy love.

Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart;
In him Thy mighty power exert;
That thousands yet unborn may praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow, &c.[1]

Induced, then, by zeal for the spread of the Gospel, at the instigation of the late Rev. S. Marsden, he left the town of Bradford in the year 1809. At that period it required no ordinary amount of moral courage and ministerial fidelity to leave a land where his prospects were cheering, and his services fully appreciated, for a country only lately reclaimed

[1] Though void of poetic merit, these verses are remarkable for the prayer which they contain, and the fulfilment which it found.

from the possession of the savage, and where he must of necessity follow the work of the ministry among the offscourings of the human race. These discouraging reflections did not prevent him following the bent of his mind, being, under Providence, cheered on his way by the prayers of such men as Wilberforce, Thornton, and other great and good men, who ever took a lively interest in the moral and religious welfare of this land.

On his arrival, or soon after, he was appointed to minister on the Hawkesbury—at that period the boundary of the colony; he afterwards reluctantly consented, at the solicitation of Governor Macquarie, to be appointed a magistrate of the territory for the same locality, the duties of which important office he discharged with diligence and fidelity. After leaving the Hawkesbury he was appointed to the district of Liverpool, where he had the superintendence of the Orphan School, and also an establishment for the

instruction of the children of the aborigines, which we believe was not attended with more success than has unfortunately attended many similar undertakings.

Upon the death of the Rev. R. Hill, he was removed to St. James's, Sydney, where he remained nearly two years. In the year 1837 he resigned his incumbency, with the intention of proceeding to England upon family affairs; but in making his arrangements for that purpose, having had occasion to visit the counties of Murray, King, and Georgiana, he was so impressed with the lamentable want of religious observances in those extensive districts, that he determined to become an itinerant minister. This course he pursued with admirable perseverance for some years, having travelled upwards of twenty-five thousand miles, or over a greater space than would reach round the globe; then, when old age and infirmities began to creep upon him, he contracted his labours,

which were, for the latter years of his life, confined more particularly to the districts of Gunning and Collector.

For some years he had desired to transfer his laborious duties to some faithful assistant, but for a long period he was unable to find one, from the difficulty—even now much felt—in procuring clerical aid. During the whole course of a life, frequently chequered by painful trials, and extended far beyond the ordinary duration of human existence, he faithfully preached the truth as it is in Jesus; and the earnestness of his manner, his venerable appearance, and the beautiful intonation of his voice, gave a charm to his public and private ministrations rarely to be found. He was not only tolerant but liberal, both in his opinions and his purse, towards different bodies of Christians; highly esteeming those of whatever sect they might be, who agreed with him in the great fundamentals of our holy faith. That he had failings and imper-

fections is only what may be predicated of the best of mere mortals, but amidst the infirmities of old age his reliance upon the Rock of Ages was firm and immovable.

"The close of his life gave an encouraging lesson to the waiting Christian: 'Tell them,' said he (just before his dissolution), 'that take an interest in my death, that my only reliance is upon, and my only desire is to be with, my Saviour.' These words, if not literally the same, convey his meaning as nearly as his imperfect utterance would allow his hearer to catch them. He was conscious to the last. His mortal remains left this town attended by his two sons, Mr. Waddell, and Mr. Craig, on Tuesday afternoon, for Liverpool, where it is expected they will be interred in the family vault, this day (Saturday)."

In Volume II., chapter vii., Mrs. Davis relates the first part of her Crimean experience of hospital life.

The testimony of Sir John Hall, her

Majesty's Inspector-general of Hospitals, to the valuable services rendered by Miss Langston and her coadjutors, including Mrs. Davis, must not be omitted here.

Dr. Hall's medical report, dated March 2, 1855, addressed to Lord Raglan, and mentioning the General Hospital at Balaclava, says:—

"The huts in the vineyard in front of the hospital have relieved the hospital, and prevented the necessity of crowding it so much as we were formerly compelled to do.

"The ventilation, too, of the main building has been improved, by boring two rows of large auger holes through the wooden ceiling of the wards.

"Mr. Hanbury, and the medical officers doing duty under him, are very attentive to their patients.

"*The sick have also the benefit of the care of Miss Langston and the nurses under her, who are a great comfort to them.*"—See Captain Sayer's 'Despatches and Papers,' p. 109.

A narration slightly touching the mere surface of a life, which was exclusively a life of action, may, nevertheless, afford much scope for deep and fruitful thought.

The writer desires that it may prove both entertaining and useful. The higher of these aims will not be entirely frustrated, should the work merely serve to check the misdirected current of public feeling which now strongly bears against the whole class of hospital nurses, and more especially against the paid nurses of the late military hospitals.

A bann of reprobation, wanting only force to be exterminating, has already been fulminated against hired nurses; while schemes, not aërial but mistily terrene, are projected for the entire re-construction of the class out of new and softer materials, plastic to the touch of Scutarian education.

It has been said that one great object of the Government in sending out Miss Nightingale and the Female Nursing Staff, was to pacify the excitement of the public, and to

turn away attention from the sufferings of the army, as well as from the errors which had increased and multiplied them.

This may possibly be true, for human motives are often complicated, and philanthropy and policy were not, in this instance, inconsistent.

The measure certainly succeeded in accomplishing this secondary purpose, but at a deplorable cost of subsequent sorrow and obloquy to the nurses who had assisted in carrying it through.

Elizabeth Davis and some few other courageous and strong-minded women have indeed escaped with their good names untarnished, but they suffer and feel aggrieved by the brand which has scarred their class.

All who were dismissed—the sick and the untrained, the weak, the wicked, and the good—have alike been regarded as castaways.

Yet a gentlewoman, who long lived and laboured in the Hospital at Scut i, can testify of the hired nurses in general that, "They

were uniformly kind and good to the sick and wounded men, and needed only a better system to make them better women."

With regard to the religious training of nurses—a subject of immense importance to the sick—all that can be done is to provide the means of grace, and to apply those means with kindly sympathy and unostentatious example.

While many of the children and servants brought up in pious households remain unimpressed, it is not surprising that less thorough and less constant teaching should fail of due effect upon hospital nurses.

In a gentle, candid, and most benevolent spirit, the author of 'Hospitals and Sisterhoods' has brought together a vast quantity of evidence bearing upon the spiritual wants of English hospitals, and the general attempts made to remedy the evil, and also upon Protestant sisterhoods, and the religious orders of the Roman Catholic Church, with respect to their charitable ministrations.

The professional training of nurses for public establishments appears, as far as we can judge, to be carried on with great success in the principal hospitals of London, where candidates for head-nurses' places officiate as probationary volunteers, and share in those practical lessons which contribute to form our most skilful medical and surgical practitioners.

Upon this subject the pamphlet written by Mr. South, senior surgeon of St. Thomas's Hospital (published by Richardson, Cornhill, 1857), may be advantageously consulted.

As professional schools for nurses, Mrs. Fry's Institution of Nursing Sisters, founded in 1840, and the Training Institution of St. John's House, founded in 1848, appear to be working prosperously.

Mrs. Davis's own case might appear at first sight to be isolated and exceptional.

Like Moses Primrose in the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' she received 'a sort of miscellaneous education,' with the important difference that his took place at home, and hers in ranging abroad.

The education wrought by various and extraordinary circumstances through a long series of years, and a course of practical experience in Guy's Hospital to conclude, fitted her in an especial manner for energetic and useful action in perilous times and scenes of dire calamity.

But let it always be remembered that, besides Elizabeth Davis, many other faithful nurses laboured to alleviate human misery in the War Hospitals of the East; working with the love of God in their hearts, and with His blessing upon their heads; although necessity obliged them, like her, to receive wages for their services.

Among them were some who wept at night for having accomplished less good during the day than they could and would willingly have done. Among them were several who strenuously devoted their whole time and strength to the work, and cheerfully sacrificed to it all ordinary enjoyments, rest, and health.

The grave-yards of the English in Turkey and in the Crimea contain the remains of

several faithful nurses, who lost their lives in the fulfilment of their arduous duties.

One of these, Mrs. Drake, a person of delicate and fragile appearance, and quiet, unobtrusive demeanour, had been trained in St. John's House, and accompanied the superintendent of the nurses to Scutari, early in November, 1854.

Grieved and disappointed by the restraint there placed upon her, she at last expressed to a sympathizing inquirer her mental misery, adding—

"If I cannot go to the Crimea, which I am trying to obtain leave to do, I will return to England. Perhaps at Balaclava I may be allowed to work. Here we are only eating the bread of idleness, while the wards are full of sick and wounded men requiring aid, which we ought to give but dare not."

A few days afterwards Mrs. Drake received permission to embark for Balaclava. On arriving there she entered diligently upon active duty as a nurse, and won the esteem of Miss

Wear and her fellow-labourers, and the gratitude of the patients.

She had been about a fortnight there, when, at her earnest request, Miss Wear one day permitted Mrs. Drake to accompany her on one of her visits of superintendence to the Monastery.

The heat was excessive, and notwithstanding the precautionary care of Miss Wear and two orderlies, Mrs. Drake suffered much from it. A disease, termed by Mrs. Davis the "sun fever," came on, and notwithstanding the skill of the surgeons, and the kind attentions of Miss Wear and the nurses, at the end of ten days she died.

She was an efficient nurse, gentle, kind, and trustworthy. A tombstone, inscribed with her name, and the date of her death, August 9th, 1855, was forwarded from Scutari to Balaclava—a tardy but durable acknowledgment of her worth.

In order to assist the readers' memory in recalling the chronolgy of the principal events of the late war, we subjoin the following dates, on the authority of Captain Sayer's "Despatches and Papers," published by Harrison, 59, Pall Mall, 1857.

	1854.
Landing of the Allied Armies in the Crimea	Sep. 14
Battle of the Alma	Sep. 20
First Bombardment of Sebastopol	Oct. 17
Battle of Balaclava	Oct. 25
Battle of Inkerman	Nov. 5
	1855.
First Assault of Sebastopol	June 18
Death of Lord Raglan	June 28
Battle of the Tchernaya	Aug. 16
Capture of Sebastopol	Sep. 8
Battle of Kars	Sep. 29
	1856.
Evacuation of the Crimea	July 12

THE END.

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